Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD

Contents:

INDEPENDENCE DAY AND THE CENTRAL AMERICAN UNION - RAMÓN ROSA 73
Revista de la Universidad, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, April 15, 1920; reprinted from the newspaper *La Paz*, number 278, 1882

RUBÉN DARÍO IN HEREDIA - - - - - - - - LUIS DOBLES SEGREDA 78
Athenea, Costa Rica, July, 1920

AMERICAN POLICY - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ARMANDO SOLANO 82
El Espectador, Bogotá, Colombia, August 13, 1920

RAFAEL OBLIGADO - - - - - - - - - - - - - - CALIXTO OYUELA 84
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, April, 1920

MARTA - GRAÇA ARANHA 95
Los Domingos, Managua, Nicaragua, June 29, 1920

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND - - - - - - - - JUAN MANUEL POLAR 97
Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, June, 1920

THE RUBY - RUBÉN DARÍO 106
Atlántida, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 8, 1920

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA - - - - - - - - - - - - RAFAEL A. ESTÉNGER 108
Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, May, 1920

IN SEARCH OF A NEW VOLCANO - - RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ PERALTA 117
Revista de Costa Rica, San José, Costa Rica, July, 1920

AN ARGENTINE ARTIST - - - - - - - - - - - - R. RAMIS TOGORES 122
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July, 1920

BAJA CALIFORNIA - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Anonymous* 124
Revista de Revistas, México, México, August 8, 1920

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS - - - LEOPOLDO LUGONES 130
Centro-América, Guatemala, Guatemala, April-June, 1920

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INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles or make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

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El Espectador, Bogotá, Colombia, August 13, 1920

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Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, April, 1920

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Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, June, 1920

THE RUBY — RUBÉN DARÍO — 106
Atlántida, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 8, 1920

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA — RAFAEL A. ESTÉNGER — 108
Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, May, 1920

IN SEARCH OF A NEW VOLCANO — RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ PERALTA — 117
Revista de Costa Rica, San José, Costa Rica, July, 1920

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Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July, 1920

BAJA CALIFORNIA — *Anonymous* — 124
Revista de Revistas, México, México, August 8, 1920

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

A CORRECTION

By an inadvertence, we credited the article entitled "General Leonard Wood and Public Instruction in Cuba," published in the October number of INTER-AMERICA, to señor AURELIO HEVIA, the author of an interesting article on Theodore Roosevelt, published in the same number of *Cuba Contemporánea* as that in which the article on General Wood appeared. We regret our mistake, and we are pleased to correct it. The article on General Wood was written by Doctor RAMIRO GUERRA Y SÁNCHEZ. Doctor Guerra was born in Batabanó, in the province of Habana, Cuba, January 31, 1880, and he was educated in his native town and in Habana. His studies were interrupted by the war of independence, 1895-1898. He is a teacher and a man of letters, and he has served as the provincial superintendent of schools of the province of Pinar del Río, and as director of the normal school in Habana. He has devoted much time to *Cuba Pedagógica* of Habana, a magazine of education. He is the author of numerous text-books and works on education, ethics, etc.

RAMÓN ROSA (1848-1893) was born in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. He finished his education as a lawyer in the Universidad Pontificia de San Carlos in the city of Guatemala. He played an important part in the revolutionary movement led by General Miguel García Granados in 1871, and, after its success, he held important public positions. In 1876, he was appointed general minister of Honduras by President Marco Aurelio Soto. He served later as minister of foreign relations, of public instruction and of war, and he was President Soto's most active fellow-worker. He was a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española de la Lengua and of the Academia Guatemalteca, and a man of deep and broad learning. He was the author of *Estudios sobre instrucción pública; Constitución social del país;* and biographies of a number of public men.

LUIS DOBLES SEGREDA was born in Heredia, Costa Rica, about 1890, and he has spent his life there. He was graduated from the national normal school at Heredia in 1907, and he began his career as a teacher in 1909. In 1919, he was appointed director of the Colegio de Alajuela; he has published *El clamor de la tierra* (essay); *Por amor de Dios* (stories); and *Rosa mística* (a collection of character sketches, stories, scenes and traditions of Heredia).

ARMANDO SOLANO is a young Colombian journalist, born in the *departamento* of Boyacá. After completing his preliminary studies, he was graduated in law and political science from the Universidad Republicana of Bogotá. He has been the owner and director of the daily *La Patria*, and he is at present one of the editors of *El Espectador* of Bogotá, his articles being signed with the pseudonym of *Maître Renard*. He has represented his *departamento* in the national Cámara de Diputados as a member of the liberal party.

CALIXTO OYUELA was born in Buenos Aires, February 3, 1857. He studied in private schools and in the Universidad de Buenos Aires, being graduated there with the degree of doctor of laws and social sciences in 1888. The most of his life has been devoted to literary studies and productions and to teaching. In 1884, he was made professor of philosophy in the Escuela Normal de Profesores; in 1889, he served as secretary of the Argentine delegation in attendance upon the Pan American conference held in Washington, afterward traveling widely in the United States and Europe; he was the first president of the Ateneo de Buenos Aires; since 1906, he has been director of the Conservatorio

Labardén of Buenos Aires. He is a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española de la Lengua. The following are some of his publications: *Cantos; Nuevos cantos; Estudios y artículos literarios; Elementos de teoría literaria;* and many monographs and articles.

JOSÉ PEREIRA DA GRAÇA ARANHA is a Brazilian lawyer, publicist and man of letters. He was born in San Luiz, in the state of Maranhão, in 1868. He was educated in his native town and in Recife, in the state of Pernambuco, where he was graduated in law. He engaged in the practice of law and in agriculture for some years. In 1900, he was sent as secretary of a special commission of his government to Great Britain. While there he wrote his first important novel, *Chanaan,* which attained a rapid and wide success, gaining for its author election to membership in the Academia Brasileira de Letras. On January 30, 1908, he was sent on an extraordinary mission of his government to Italy; on May 31, 1904, he was appointed secretary of the Brazilian-Bolivian court of arbitration; on January 15, 1905, he was made second secretary of legation, and later first secretary of the Peruvian-Brazilian court of arbitration, becoming first secretary of legation on November 20, 1906; on February 24, 1909, he was appointed chargé d'affaires of the Brazilian government in Switzerland, and later in Norway; on May 25, 1911, he was appointed minister to Cuba and Central America; on April 3, 1912, he went as minister to Holland. In 1913, he wrote a play in French verse entitled *Malazarte,* which was presented with success in Paris. Shortly after the breaking out of the great war, he retired from the diplomatic service.

JUAN MANUEL POLAR was born in Arequipa, Perú, in 1863. He educated himself, in the main. He is a journalist and man of letters, who has devoted much attention to national history. He is the author of a number of poems and of many dramas and stories, and he delights in themes based on the traditions and legends of Perú.

RUBÉN DARÍO was born at Metapa (a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, now often called "Ciudad Darío") in the *departamento* of Matagalpa, Nicaragua, January 18, 1867. The record of his baptism shows that he was given the name of Félix Rubén García Sarmiento, the surname of his father being García, and that of his mother, Sarmiento. Apparently because the Christian name Darío had been used by his family as a surname and had been adopted by his father as a business name, Rubén was called Darío as a child, and he dropped the Félix and became famous as Rubén Darío. His education seems to have been intermittent and desultory, and in the main his information was gathered by reading, by intercourse with intelligent and cultured people and by travel. He represented Nicaragua in Spain on the occasion of the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, and afterward he was attached to the legation of Nicaragua in Madrid; he also served as consul in Paris, as secretary of the Nicaraguan delegation in attendance upon the Pan American conference at Rio de Janeiro and as a representative of Nicaragua at the celebration of the centenary of Mexican independence in 1910. He traveled and spent much time in Europe, the United States, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil. For a list and an illuminating analysis of his works, see the article entitled "Rubén Darío: a Study of His Character and Works," published in INTER-AMERICA for October, 1917.

RAFAEL A. ESTÉNGER is a young Cuban man of letters, born in Santiago, where he now resides. He has on the press a volume of poems entitled *Juvenilia.*

LEOPOLDO LUGONES was born in Río Seco, in the province of Córdoba, June 13, 1874. He was educated in the schools and national colleges of the province, in his own home, in libraries and, indeed, wherever he chanced to be, as he has always been a voracious and intense reader, with a marvelous variety of interests. He has a good knowledge of a number of languages, he has written upon many subjects and he ranks among the leading men of letters

of the Spanish world. He has devoted many years to journalism and he had a brief experience as inspector-general of secondary, normal and special instruction, but he seemed not to like the official or pedagogical atmosphere, as he declined the rectorship of one of the national institutes, offered him by the government. In 1916, he delivered a series of lectures on and readings from the *Iliad* in the Teatro Odeón of Buenos Aires. From the beginning of the great war, he was a staunch and energetic supporter of the allies, and later, of the United States. The following are some of his works: *Los crepúsculos del jardín; Las montañas del oro; Lunario sentimental; Odas seculares; El libro fiel; La reforma educacional; El imperio jesuítico; La guerra gaucha; Las fuerzas extrañas; Piedras luminares; Prometeo; Didáctica; Historia de Sarmiento; Elogio de Ameghino; El ejército de la Iliada; El payador;* and *Mi beligerancia.*

INDEPENDENCE DAY AND THE CENTRAL AMERICAN UNION

BY

RAMÓN ROSA

Once again the several peoples of Central America are discussing union, with varying degrees of interest and vehemence, in favor of or against it. The following article, which was first published about forty years ago, and which was recently reprinted in a review of Honduras, is therefore interesting, both because of its intrinsic value and as an indication of the interest that existed at the time in a tendency that seems to be gaining strength at the present hour, and that would unquestionably offer many advantages and solve many difficulties.—*The Editor.*

WHAT memories, what hopes, what aspirations, what ideals, revive and crowd the mind as we experience, with the passing of the years, the solemn hours of the fifteenth of September, this great day that leads us to commemorate the historic day, the immortal day, on which was voiced the first stammering of life of the Central American union, this patria of our forefathers, as beloved as it is unfortunate! There are not heard, alas! on this bright day the rapturous accents of the fiery words of José Francisco Barrundia,[1] that sublime singer of our independence, who seemed to communicate to Central American hearts all the warmth and all the palpitations of the heart of the patria. There are not heard, alas! the concise phrases of profound meaning of José Cecilio del Valle,[2] that wise man of the era of our emancipation that pushed back with his thought the dense veil from the intelligences of the liberated colonists, to reveal to them a whole world of noble and regenerative ideas. There are not heard, alas! the vigorous and flowing stanzas of José Trinidad Reyes, that thoughtful priest, that sweetest of poets, who made civism and worship of the patria a sacred and consoling religion. There is not heard, alas! the martial tread of the hero of Gualcho and Las Charcas, who did not march into battle in the character of a dictatorial conqueror, but who, as the soldier of an idea, hastened where honor beckoned, not to build up personal power for corruption, but to found and establish principles, to found and to strengthen institutions, to secure in behalf of Central American union all the splendid results of national independence.

Lost in a hard and most unfortunate struggle was a whole generation of heroes, thinkers, publicists, men of letters, who, it seems, in laying aside the laborious campaigns of their life, bore away with them vivifying and patriotic sentiment, creative inspiration, persuasive and edifying disinterestedness, the great ideals of the republic, which are, as it were, the life and soul, the warmth and heat, of the thought of peoples summoned to regenerate themselves within the bounds of law and freedom. Alas! it is sad, very sad, to behold

[1] A Central American lawyer, patriot and publicist, born in Guatemala (1784-1854). From his youth, he worked for the political independence of Central America, thus earning for himself strenuous persecution and even condemnation to death in 1813, after which he was forced to lie hid until 1819, but without ceasing his efforts, until the cause of independence triumphed, September 15, 1821. Later he played an important part as a statesman and educator in several administrations, and in 1854 he was sent to the United States as minister plenipotentiary of Honduras. He died in New York a few months after his arrival. A man of great attainments, he edited a number of important political newspapers and made considerable contributions to literature. Among other undertakings, he completed a translation of *Paradise Lost* into Spanish, but it has not been published.—THE EDITOR.

[2] A Central American lawyer, statesman and jurisconsult: he was born in Choluteca, Honduras, in 1780, and he died on May 2, 1834. From 1820, he contributed to the newspapers of Guatemala, where he resided. He was a man of great learning, marked talent, upright spirit and indefatigable labor, all shown in his luminous writings; *El amigo de la patria*, 1820; and *Los gaçistas*, 1820; he wrote for *El Redactor General* of Guatemala in 1825. —THE EDITOR.

the temples of the patria with their altars broken, to see that faith in the Central American patria and in her institutions is almost vanished, is almost dead! It is sad, very sad, to feel the ideal of Central American patriotism throbbing in brains with its prodigious greatness, and at the same time to feel the intelligence a prey to doubts, and the heart overflowing with bitterness!

Why distrust, however? Why grow faint? The most splendid triumphs have always been those of faith and sentiment. As luminous phosphorescences of the deep ocean are observed to shine upon murky nights; as in the silent cemetery, peopled with corpses, are seen mysterious lights produced by the decomposition of the organisms of the dead; so, in the midst of our social nights and on the tombs of those that were the fathers of our independence and the defenders and heroes of our liberties, we see shining the cherished ideal of Central America united under a regimen of genuinely republican institutions. We know that nothing is lost in human existence, that even from death springs life, that never will be lost the vows, the efforts and the sacrifices of our forefathers, who sought true and legitimate independence, but who died, alas! tortured, martyred, for their ideal, bequeathing to their posterity their everlasting sorrows, their everlasting misfortunes and their everlasting hopes.

That most sacred legacy is still preserved. Marco Aurelio Soto, the pacifier and regenerator of Honduras, who almost from a child has been a decided partizan of the Central American union and of republican institutions, has said, as president of the republic, thus authorizing us to say it officially:

> I have been, I am and I shall be a sincere nationalist. I have assured peace and all the progress possible for Honduras; I can continue confidently to exercise power; but nothing of this satisfies me, either for my native country or for the other states that I consider as my country. I shall always behold them in dangerous insecurity, fluctuating between anarchy and despotism, until there shall be established a national union that will necessarily usher in a régime of true republican institutions. Let us work in good faith to achieve national union. To that end, with pleasure, to-day or to-morrow, I shall renounce the executive power, engaging to work for the success of a Central American government, and not to accept office, when once it be established, in any of the positions that shall be created by the new political organization of Central America. This determined purpose can be expressed officially, and from to-day let the people and governments of Central America take my word for it. My only ambition is to see, as a simple individual that expects and accepts nothing and that renounces unconditionally whatsoever power he possesses, Central America united, without the distrusts, without the rivalries, without the littlenesses that contribute to her internal decadence and her discredit abroad.

What a beautiful flag would be the one that the young president of Honduras unfurls without egoism! How grandiose the idea that moves his great heart! We do not exaggerate; we do not lie. If we express ourselves thus, it is because our conscience speaks through us; if we express ourselves thus, it is because we have entire faith in the words of President Soto; it is because we have blind faith in the man that we know intimately, the man that contributed, in an effective manner, to produce social revolution in Guatemala for a noble and elevated political end; the man that has bestowed peace, progress and respectability upon Honduras, that has wrought the miracle of miracles, that of wiping out traditional anarchy without replacing it by despotism; the man that, while able to establish himself *in autocratic power for life* in this country, despised not only that illegitimate ambition, but also all justifiable ambition in response to a great idea, that of the nationality of Central America; in the man, finally, *who has the right to be believed*, because he has always known how to keep his word, because he has never stained his political career with infamous treasons, because he has the guaranty of being very young, which is equivalent to saying, ingenuous and generous, and of being instructed and enlightened, which is equivalent to saying that he will not tarnish his name, already celebrated, to the detriment of the right and to the prejudice of the principles, the institutions and the future of Central America.

Let us be permitted, on this day of great

and legitimate expansiveness for Central American patriotism, to amplify President Soto's thought, and, in doing so, we, like him, desire that our word may be taken up by the Central American peoples and governments.

We believe that for all thinkers, all statesmen, all writers worthy of the name of such in Central America, the only social question, the only political question, that ought to create and animate two great parties *is the question of national union.* Such parties can be none other than the party of the *nationalists* and the party of the *separatists.* We nationalists are those that include within our ranks Francisco Morazán, Dionisio de Herrera, José Francisco Barrundia, José Cecilio del Valle, Diego Vijil, Trinidad Cabañas, Máximo Jerez, Gerardo Barrios, Marco Aurelio Soto, León Alvarado and Adolfo Zúniga; the separatists, those that count in their ranks Rafael Carrera, Francisco Ferrera, Coronado Chávez, Francisco Malespín, Braulio Carrillo, Tomás Martínez and all the obscure and brutal partizans that have filled the Central American soil with pools of blood and set the seal of dishonor upon the brows of the people. We as nationalists are those that desire permanent peace, since because of the nation's greatness she will not be the victim of anarchy or of despotism; and they as separatists are those that, in the tumultuous river of disorder, desire to buy positions and honors, although ephemeral, and to make sudden fortunes, although unsound and passing; we are nationalists, if we look to the future and desire the reign of true democracy, true liberty and the credit and good name of the patria abroad; they are separatists, if they take unction in the satisfactions of the moment, desire lucrative dictatorships and rejoice in profitable revolutions, are in no way pained by the brutalities of force and, in exchange for miserable personal advancements, are in naught disturbed over the loans of Honduras and Costa Rica. It does not trouble them to see glaring and pilloried abroad the names of the Central American peoples.

Ideas, ideas and more ideas—this is our watchword. Let us elevate ourselves, and this will save us. At least let there be great and true parties in Central America, and this even will be a great good, for between *nationalists* and *separatists* there will be two great principles at strife—*the principle of republican virtue* and *the principle of egoism*—for, after all, two great causes, which shall not be those of dictatorship and sectional and brutal anarchy, will yield, with the passing of time, fruitful and beneficent results.

Fruitful and beneficent results we shall obtain by proclaiming, as we do proclaim, not as a momentary flare, but seriously and officially, *the union of Central America.* If to-morrow the people of Central America, by means of their congresses or by a plebescite, say, *"We desire a union,"* President Soto will renounce his office in order that the union may be effected, *thus surrendering all participation in the government that may be established. If to-morrow the presidents of Central America gather, authorized by their respective legislatures or indeed hoping for the ratification of their peoples,* or assuming a personal responsibility in order to constitute a *provisional government of Central America,* President Soto will also give up his office; *he will withdraw from all participation in the government that may be organized,* provided there be created *a single patria and a single government.* Nothing can be clearer, more definite, more genuine, than the official word of the government of Honduras. It has been cast upon the four winds as the cry of the conscience of patriotism that grieves over the disorganization of Central America, which without egoism, without ambition, we desire to behold great, free, regenerated and happy!

We already see appearing the doubt and even the smile of disdain of those that are satisfied with our smallness, our miseries, our lack of organization. Already we hear them say with sovereign contempt: "That idea is inopportune." Yes; thus reasoned the representatives of the colonial system. Independence was inopportune; independence is to-day a fact that is our glory of glories. Thus reasoned all the short-sighted opposers of the liberal reforms in legislation, in public finance and public instruction that have been accomplished; and these reforms are also facts, and they are to

our honor. No; what is inopportune is to lose precious time when fruitful social evolutions have been successfully effected in order to prepare the national union: inopportuneness consists in keeping Central America in a state of perpetual uncertainty and insecurity; what is inopportune is to waste the resources of five states in maintaining five very costly, prodigal governments, and such as are always ready for strife, oftentimes because of unfounded distrusts and often because of ridiculous rivalries. It is inopportune to struggle with the factions of a dismembering and half savage character that are born and take root, thanks to the weakness of the Central American republics and the support they possess in one or another of their rulers. The inopportune is to ignore our history and our geography and to be recreant to the principles of our independence and of the true liberal cause by continuing the state of disorganization in Central America. The inopportune is to be wanting in credit at home and abroad; it is to be incapable of carrying forward the great undertaking of progress and civilization. The inopportune is not to have weight in the balance of the American peoples and to have to bear, on the other hand, the crushing weight of cruel and unspeakable humiliations. The inopportune is to lack judgment and not to assure the future of Central America. The inopportune is not to have, alas! a safe land in which to deposit our bones, nor a secure country for the treasures of our souls: our children!

Let us speak clearly: we know not whither we go; or the Central American policy has neither direction nor route; or we journey blindly in order to plunge into the darkness of an eternal night of abjection and misery; in truth, we must go straight, without doubts, without hesitations, to the achievement of a Central American union in order that it may bring, as a natural and direct consequence, a régime of geniunely republican institutions. To unite in order to constitute a true republic and to have a secure country: behold, the problem, the one great social and political problem, that must be solved by all the thinkers, all the statesmen, all the patriotic citizens, of Central America that have good judgment, personal dignity, reasonable foresight and an ideal that causes them to confide in the promises of the future.

If, in view of the condition of Central America, the noble, disinterested and generous attitude of President Soto stands for nothing; if it is not in keeping with the conduct of the executive, who, being able to be much, wills to be nothing, in order that the patria may be something; if our words are dissipated like lost echoes in the immense solitudes of our deserts and our mountains; if there be not, if there can not be, a proud and noble outburst of Central American patriotism, then, beloved country of our sires; then, great and worthy patria of whose future we have a presentiment; then, dear ideal, it is necessary to chant the *de profundis* upon the ruins of a people that was born for union, for right and for liberty; then it is necessary for all worthy men that think, that reflect and that feel, to seek foreign shores, alas! less ungrateful than the ungrateful native soil ensanguined by anarchy and full of the mud thrown by debasing despotism!

To superficial men, in championing, as we champion, the great idea of Central American union, there will at once occur the *question of localities* and the *question of personalities*, and they will harbor serious distrusts, as well as serious fears. Naught of this, however, ought to preoccupy Central Americans. We, profoundly convinced, say to them: Courage, reflection, perseverance, and forward! Why this confidence? Because a great, capital and regenerative idea *dominates and overrides* all the small questions of localities and personalities. Let timid and suspicious minds be confident. If the Central American countries unite, whatever the procedure that may be adopted, then it will be necessary to bring together all the intelligence, all the resources, all the interests, all the activities, all the energies of Central America. Then it will be necessary to sum up 3,000,000 inhabitants with at least $14,000,000 or $15,000,000 of national revenues. Then Central America will be a great nation, and she will be able to crush anarchy at a stroke and to

destroy at a blow, by pulverizing it, every insolent and barbarous dictatorship. Because we have divided ourselves, because we are very weak, we oscillate between the extremes of anarchy and despotism; but *let us unite*, and then *a great people*, with vast internal resources and credit abroad, *will feel its national dignity*, will know how and be able to live in complete peace; it will know how and will be able to render effective a regimen of institutions; and it will know how and will be able to uphold the decisions of the true republic.

We offer prayers—the most fervent of our heart—that the sincere protestations of President Soto, addressed to the setting up of a great and noble patria, may receive the *positive*, the *practical*, support of all good Central Americans. We offer prayers that these protestations—which are not inspired by calculation, but by feeling—may at least be as seed sown in good ground, that it may spring up and grow and bring forth an abundant harvest. If our prayers be vain, if our ideas be the illusions of poor visionaries, let it at least be made clear, on this day of most sacred memories, that in the fractional patria of Morazán, del Valle and Cabañas, there is a ruler who, when peace smiles upon him, when he has organized the country, when he sees his efforts and sacrifices crowned with success, when his fellow-citizens exalt him, when his power has become strong, gives up this power and renounces everything, everything, for the high purpose of causing to be reborn the glorious patria of our forefathers, of giving existence to the Central American patria, the great, the safe, the noble patria of the future, the patria that, please God! may be the happy patria of our children.

RUBÉN DARÍO IN HEREDIA

(May, 1892)

BY

LUIS DOBLES SEGREDA

Genius, like the lack of it, is best known off parade; hence side-lights are instructive. The author of the following article, himself a man of letters, gives us a glimpse of Rubén Darío on an occasion when he disclosed his true character in a number of details.—*The Editor.*

THE letter of the good provincial poet don Luis R. Flores surprised me.

"Come to see me, my good friend Luis; I must ask a favor of you. I write you because you know that I do not leave Heredia."

What could be happening? Was the poet ill? What favor could I do him?

I telegraphed him: "I shall come on Wednesday."

I found him as always: buried in an old easy-chair covered with plush, reading.

He is an incessant reader.

"What would you have? When life is so monotonous, when life has almost laid us upon the shelf, when it has left us in abandonment, we take to reading."

"But does a great señor governor speak of abandonment!"

"Yes, yes; complete."

As he said this, his eyes became moist.

Then I began to understand.

"From the house to the office and from the office to the street, to have a look at the works, but even so. . . ."

It is not politics, it is not his friends, it is not the world, that abandon him.

Smoke and noise is all this for the heart of the poet.

The great abandonment that weighs upon his life is that drear silence which fell upon the house when through the door went forth the black coffin that bore away his companion to the city of the cypresses.

And how it moves the soul of the poet!

Many years have passed, but for him they are not a year.

Once again there is noise in the house, and festivity and joy, but he, buried in the easy-chair of plush, is deaf to everything.

He speaks of her as if she were present; he repeats her words and utters her opinions.

"Victoria said that. . . ."

And afterward.

"Once Victoria was here, when. . ."

She filled his whole soul, and when he bade her farewell, to go away to drink the bitter cup, the poet had not again tasted the honey of smiles upon his lips.

When one hears him speak of her, one experiences the feeling that it was all a dream and that Victoria is there, busied with the cares of the household. At every footfall that is heard in the upper rooms, one instinctively lifts his head in inquiry and his lips frame the greeting:

"Good afternoon, doña Victoria."

What a beautiful strength of love is there in the heart of this good poet!

How fresh the dew that waters these evergreens on the wearisome wastes of life!

It might be said that the poet is like a vase all filled with the memory of her.

It is a pleasure to have a little woman of one's own to love thus, as this good don Luis loved his Victoria, with a loyalty that reaches beyond the tomb.

"Why do you write so little now?"

"I do not know; I feel no desire to write; I prefer to read."

"But formerly you were very prolific."

"Formerly, yes; when I was young . . . when the house was complete . . . joy echoed in my heart, and I sang.

"I made my verses with her; we went over them together; and she said:

"'Thy verses are very beautiful!'

"I thought it was true, because I always believed what she said to me; and I made them in order that she might say again:

"'Thy verses are very beautiful.'"

II

Then came the object of the summons.

"I wished to say to you that two gentlemen called upon me recently; stopped their automobile in front of my door."

"'Is this the poet don Luis R. Flores?'

"'At your service.'

"Proper salutations. Accursed praises of my verses, and then cards.

"They have undertaken to write an intimate book upon Rubén Darío: something that the press has not gotten hold of, of the inedited, the insignificant; and they are going about visiting every corner where the poet lived and looking up his old friends."

"A good idea."

"It was for this that I summoned you."

"Me?"

"Yes; they wish me to write a page to tell how Rubén lived in our Heredia."

"Magnificent!"

"Yes; but you know now . . . I do not write."

"How?"

"Yes; sometimes a random verse or so, but I am afraid of prose. Mine is so dull. . . ."

"Do not tell a lie in defense of laziness."

"All gallantry is superfluous; I, that am given to reading know."

"The preoccupations of the humble mind!"

He arose to silence me by placing his hand over my mouth.

"I wish you to write that page."

"Me?"

"Yes; I shall tell you about it. Nothing unusual happened.

"Rubén was always sad in those days, and he spoke little.

"I did not wish to say anything to him; I was waiting to listen to him.

"Our days of friendship were a long silence.

"He concealed his melancholy; I, my devotion."

"Go on, go on!"

"Rubén had a prodigious faculty for seeing everything at a glance.

"When he left the step of the railway coach, his great eyes took it all in.

"'Thy Heredia is a charming spot, Luis Flores.

"'It has beautiful women and a poet.'

"'Thanks, Rubén.'

"'That national word, *corrongo*,[1] must have been born here; nothing could be more *corrongo* than this town.'

"Afterward he wrote a pretty sketch, and he began it with these same ideas:

"'From his arrival, the traveler recognizes that Heredia is a charming city.

"'Employing the graphic national word, it might be called *corronga*.

"'I have quickly seen its houses, its parks, its churches; it has many trees, many beautiful women, many religious people.'

"That night, he did not wish to go out.

"'Poet,' he said to me, 'give me shelter in quiet. Do not let them feast me . . . make them leave me in repose.'

"He closed the windows of his room early.

"'I wish to dream awhile, Luis Flores; make them let me dream,' and he shut himself up.

"The friends crowded into the drawing-room and chatted all night. The poet paced his bedroom in the dark, like a somnambulist.

"Late at night he opened the door and showed himself.

"'My dear friends. . . .'

"And he turned to salute them all, one after another.

"'How have you stood being here with so much light? . . . My eyes possess something of the mysterious phosphorescence of the owl: they fathom better in the dark and they penetrate it.'

"We all kept still.

"'I have come out because midnight is now approaching.

"'It lacks twenty minutes.

"'I can not remain alone at this hour. The devil comes to murder the night, and

[1] A regional word: it may be translated by the colloquial "cute," "cunning;" the corresponding Castilian word is *monísimo, curro*.—THE EDITOR.

I can not see its black blood shed in silence. All the days are bad therefore: they are born of shadow and crime.'

"And he went on to give utterance to a thousand strange and confused ideas, as if from his brain were escaping a flock of crows that had been pecking at it.

"There hovered about his words somewhat of the spirit of Edgar Poe.

"The next day we made the rounds of the city.

"One detail interested him above everything else: El Fortín. The great Rubén crossed his arms and remained in contemplation before El Fortín for a long time.

"'Luis, this beautiful mound must have many enemies in thy land.

"'It is the finest fellow I have seen here.'

"'They have already talked of demolishing it,' I replied; 'during the administration of don Próspero, they condemned it to death, but the executioner asked twenty-four thousand *pesos* for the job. That saved it.'

"'What fools! Thou art a poet, Luis; I exact of thee an oath.'

"'Command, Rubén.'

"'Swear to me that thou wilt defend it all thy life, that, while thou art alive, they shall neither attack it nor ill-treat it nor lay it low. Make them leave it in peace.

"'It seems to have been torn from a medieval castle.'

"'I swear it.'

"'Bear in mind that thou hast sworn it to me; we poets must defend beauty at all costs.

"'To the last, as always, knights of the ideal!'

"Then we went to the Iglesia del Carmen."

"'A beautiful temple! It seems to have stood for many years.'

"'Not so many; it dates from 1870.'

"'Then those that constructed it came down from many years earlier; it also is medieval. I like it all the more on this account. I should like to steal those two saints of stone that are upon the façade.'

"In the naves of La Parroquia, he paused in contemplation before two little angels of bronze that offer holy water in wide shells.

"'What beautiful angels!'

"I did not clearly understand wherein lay their beauty."

"'See how just, how hieratic, the attitude. The soul of these bronzes translates a deep liturgical secret.

"'They bestow water to sanctify the forehead.

"'What a beautiful way to minister to the head and the heart.'

"That night he again besought me for repose, and he began to write. He wrote and wrote, much, much, without lifting his hand, flowingly, covering the papers with scrawls and blots, and making gestures as if in madness.

"I looked on from my seat.

"Afterward I took up his verses:

They are the centaurs. Course they o'er the levels. The mountains
Feel their passage. From afar raise they the sound of torrents
That fall; their gallop the still air that reposes
Awakens: and the leaflet of rose-laurel quivers.[2]

"Here, upon this table—look at it—upon this wretched little table, he wrote his enormous *Coloquio de los centauros*."

The provincial poet caressed the table as something sacred, as a relic.

"Afterward, another day of rambling through the streets. The city was different.

"Not a semblance of what it is to-day!

"I felt mortified.

"'Now thou seest, Rubén, that it is barely a village, as thou hast said; we do not even have electric light.'

"'Do not lie, Luis. And those eyes! And those eyes!'

"As he said this, he stopped a pretty girl, by laying hold of her arm, to gaze into her eyes, close at hand.

"The girl became angry.

"'More beautiful thus, when they flash fire.'

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[2] *Son los centauros. Cubren la llanura. Los siente*
La montaña. De lejos, forman son de torrente
Que cae; su galope al aire que reposa
Despierta, y estremece la hoja del laurel rosa.

"The young woman became more and more astonished, and the poet continued his eulogy.

"'What beautiful eyes, those of these women, Luis!

"'There is much sun in the country, but these Heredians have much sun imprisoned.

"'I could not live in Heredia.'

"'Why?'

"'I should live like a satyr, pursuing women to kiss their eyes.'

"Finally he departed. Only three days was he with me! Only three days!

"'Why art thou leaving, Rubén? Doesn't the country suit thee?'

"'Thy country is very beautiful, but I need to live, and thy country has no work for me.'

"'The pen is my *machete;* I must find a place in which to harvest. Even if these newspapers wished to pay me, they could not; everything is so small here.'

"Then he again looked at me with eyes filled with frankness.

"'And thy country smells of Phenicia: it is a land of hucksters.'

"When he observed that the truth was harsh, he put his hand upon my shoulder to console me.

"'But Heredia? Ah! Heredia is soft, courteous, coquettish and prayerful.'"

The great poet Flores fell into a long silence, and then he exclaimed:

"What a good and handsome blackamoor that Rubén! What a devil of a man!

"Write all this for the *Nicas*[3] that wish to secure my impressions over so many years.

"You have a beautiful prose filled with. . . ."

Then it was I that stopped his mouth with an embrace of farewell.

Here is the page.

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[3]A pet name derived from *nicaragüenses,* Nicaraguans: evidently Darío's fellow-countrymen of Nicaragua were the ones that sought details regarding the poet.—THE EDITOR.

AMERICAN POLICY

BY

ARMANDO SOLANO

The author, writing with moderation from the Colombian standpoint, urges what he conceives to be the proper attitude of his people toward the United States at the present time. His ideas are instructive, inasmuch as they express the convictions of one who is friendly to us and well informed regarding us, yet who at the same time pleads for dignity and independence on the part of his own nation.—*The Editor.*

IT IS unquestionably a mistake—a grave mistake and one made in good faith, whose probable consequences all of us ought to contribute to prevent—to consider wise and patriotic a policy of downright abjectness in respect of the United States. On the other hand, a hostile and provocative attitude toward that great nation would be suicidal. A proud aloofness in our relations with that now omnipotent people, besides being impossible, would appear ridiculous. Everything summons us—I have had occasion to say—from geographical fatality to the march of universal progress, to a closer and closer coöperation with the nation of the north. The political center of the world has changed its seat. The future of humanity will be elaborated in America. In America, the United States is the greatest cohesive and propulsive force. North American capital will be for a long time—we are seeing it now—the only capital that will venture to foster our incipient industries and the only capital also that will seek to exploit our latent wealth with effectiveness.

Well might we wish that the gold of France and England would come to establish the necessary equilibrium; but it is not coming. We do not see it visible anywhere. Whether because of timidity, whether in obedience to a tacit agreement with the United States, the truth is that the European nations do not desire seriously to dispute the hegemony of the Latin-American market.

There is more: in the great democracy, we shall find transcendent lessons that can influence our moral orientation. At bottom, the North American people are loyal, sincere, pure and generous. Their home life is patriarchal, their sentiments are pious and just. Officially they have not shown themselves to be thus; but we Colombians are an exceptional authority in knowing that governments are wont to be in striking antithesis to the collective character and general tendencies. For these reasons and for many others that it would be superfluous to enumerate, I think we ought to be friends of the United States.

Friendship, however, has its standards. It is not contracted and it is not maintained save between those that look upon each other as equal and worthy. Friendship is not translated in any language by submission. He that renounces his personality and is recreant to his history, his name, his antecedents and his ideals loses voluntarily and necessarily the right to call himself the friend of anybody. Never did there occur in the slave market a case in which one of these degraded creatures would stretch out his hand to his purchaser. Servitude, vassalage, the protectorate, have their rules; but such rules are in no way similar to those that govern that noble and spontaneous covenant that is termed friendship.

The extreme friends of the United States, in seeking to adulate her, do her a great injury: that of thinking that she does not understand anything but the stammering language of mercenaries and that she does not like to be on good terms with freemen. This is not the truth. The moral level of the North American people, in spite of all that may be said by inflamed superficiality, is of the highest. Never did the voice of justice or the cry of the victims of the whole world fail to find an

echo in the public opinion of her citizens. We know well how the crime of Panamá found eloquent condemners in the press and the forum, among business men, among university professors and even in the heart of the popular masses. If the facts of the case, of which innumerable North Americans are ignorant to-day, were better known, reparation would inexorably be forced.

There are those who, guided by a thought that we must consider patriotic, desire to lay the country prostrate before Yankee imperialism, condemned in the United States by many minds of the first order. This is bad tactics. The United States does not desire servants, but partners. Her statesmen seek to raise the level of the education, the wealth, the hygiene, of South America, because they need our coöperation, not our shameful and fruitless shambling.

In North America, negroes are despised. What would be the surprise of the blond foremen if they should see, thanks to certain attitudes, that beneath countenances hardly brunette, are concealed the mean souls of Africa!

RAFAEL OBLIGADO[1]

BY

CALIXTO OYUELA

Rafael Obligado was born in Buenos Aires, January 27, 1851; he died in Mendoza, March 8, 1920. The April number of *Nosotros*, from which this article was taken, contains "Rasgos biográficos;" "Rafael Obligado, el poeta, el hombre," a thirty-three page article by Ernesto Quesada; "Carta a Rafael Obligado en la gloria," a seven page poem by Francisco Soto y Calvo; "Rafael Obligado," a four page article by Paul Groussac; "Rafael Obligado íntimo," a ten page article by Alberto del Solar; "Don Rafael Obligado en la facultad de Filosofía y Letras," a two and a half page article by Rodolfo Rivarola; "Rafael Obligado," a five and a half page article by Carlos Vega Belgrano; "Rafael Obligado," a four page article by Julio Noé; "Palabras de Obligado," a three page article by Eloy Fariña Núñez; "Il Nido di Boyeros di Rafael Obligado," a three page poem in Italian by Folco Testena; "El numen de Obligado," a four page article by Enrique E. Rivarola; "Rafael Obligado," a three page article by Ernesto Mario Barreda, the poet and compiler of the four volume anthology entitled *Nuestro Parnaso;* "Rafael Obligado," a four page article by Carmelo M. Bonet; "Obligado y su momento histórico," a thirteen and a half page article by Marcos M. Blanco; brief articles by Oscar Tiberio, Arturo Vásquez Cey and Myriam Gray; the seventeen page article by Calixto Oyuela, entitled "Rafael Obligado," which we have selected for translation and publication; "Algunas castas de la juventud del poeta"; and "Discursos pronunciados en el sepelio," by Juan Agustín García, Carlos F. Melo and Ángel de Estrada. The article that follows is a poet's analysis of a brother poet's work.—*The Editor.*

THE dominant note in the poetic writings of Rafael Obligado is national character, in the limited sense in which it is accepted at the present time. He derived his tendency from Echeverría, whose flag "flutters over the plains," and he changed into a work of art what in that illustrious initiator was only an admirable sketch. Far from isolating his spirit and rendering it sterile, however, he bathed it in the purest and most native fountains: the waters of Hebrew literature and Greek literature. Such was the powerful sap that elevated his spirit to an almost inaccessible region of simple beauty. To drink inspiration from foreign literatures, now remote from the common fountain, is always dangerous and almost always fatal; to drink it from the same fountains wherein were contained the initial elements of our civilization and our race is wholesome and fruitful. He so understood it, and instead of holding himself up as a rude American savage, he sought to fuse in *Argentine poetry* the two most native elements of known beauty: the biblical and the Greek. He conceived of art in the Hellenic manner, and through his verse echoes the kiss of *The Song of Songs*, without this in the least diminishing his American spontaneity, for the rays of these suns were absorbed into his blood and flowed through his veins.

All the world knows that what fundamentally distinguishes Greek art from Christian art, or if you will, romantic art, in the historical conception of the term, is the tendency of the former to an harmonious and *rational* expression of thought, in an external and perceptible manner, by line, sculptural relief and attitude, while that of the latter prefers a kind of spiritual dreaminess translated into an indecisive and floating form. The other differences between the two arts, several and important, are doubtless but derivations from this fundamental distinction. These derivations consist, in respect of Greek art, in a great stamp of proportion and harmony, a very marked design of striking the imagination with lively and tangible forms, of defining everything, while fleeing from the colorless and abstract; with a clear vision of the world and of life and a "concert sweet of all the powers that do in man abide;" a certain placid repose and the

[1]Illustrious critics—Americans and Spaniards—have written upon Obligado's *Poesías*. He that has done so most often and with most affection among us is Calixto Oyuela, who was a close friend of Obligado's and also an adversary, in a memorable literary tilt. We reproduce in the folloing pages one of his studies of the poet, one that he wrote in 1906, on the occasion of the publication of the second edition of Obligado's poems. This estimate, which the renowned critic has seen fit to modify at certain points in order to adapt it to this tribute, appears in the volume of his *Estudios literarios* (Buenos Aires, 1913).—NOTE OF THE EDITOR OF *Nosotros*.

ascription to art of a transcendent importance in itself, without any need to convert it into a weapon of combat. What is most peculiar in the case is that even in Christian civilization, many poets and artists of good lineage, even the most religious, the most removed from all pseudo-classic imitations and mannerisms, have conceived of art in the same manner and have felt irresistibly impelled to steep their spirits in the Greek conception of beauty. Thus it was with León, who succeeded in uniting, like no one else, the Christian spirit with which he was impregnated to the qualities of classic art; with André Chénier, so eulogized by the romantics themselves; with Byron, who declared that he preferred the harmony and elegant proportions of the Parthenon to the colossal grandeur of the Egyptian pyramids, and whose love for Greece verged upon religious worship; with Goethe, called "the great pagan," who accused Christianity of having destroyed the perfect harmony between spirit and form, between body and soul, and whose plastic appetites were summed up in these words of his: "We ought to talk less and draw more. I could wish to put speech entirely aside and not speak except by drawing, like nature, creative of all forms;" with Foscolo and with Leopardi, who translated into Hellenic marble forms his tragic and modern desperation; with the psychologist Campoamor, who, without being classic, affirmed that "art will always be pagan;" with the great orthodox Menéndez y Palayo, Greek to the marrow of his bones; with the revolutionary Carducci, a crude pagan in form and in substance.

Well then: it is impossible not to find in the poetic work of Obligado a certain community of interest with these artists of pure strain and the conception of that divine art stamped eternally upon the profane. In him, poetry takes form *like sculpture*, and, above all, like painting (*ut pictura poesis*), seldom *like music*. Line, relief, image, are the principal dominators of his verse. He himself says, speaking of his muse:

Not, indeed, romantic, friends,
Is the maiden, as you say;
Her face she does not discolor with vinegar,
Nor does she linger among the sepulchers.
Still in her veins is boiling
Red, torrential Latin blood,
But hotter heated by the flaming sun
That in the banner of the Andes blazes.[2]

We have here a complete doctrine of art. On the other hand, the language of pure intellectualism, the abstract language, the allegation, utilitarianism, philosophism, transcendentalism, modern corruptions of poetry, shine by their absence. Obligado's work is a temple erected to pure art, and, nevertheless, it is transcendentalism, because of its lofty manner, for he has drawn the marble for his studies from the quarry of the eternal human sentiments: the patria, the family, love, as they are naturally felt by an Argentine of Spanish race. Never does he plunge into psychological profundities and complications; the inwardness of the spirit he expresses constantly by external signs: a look, an attitude, a movement, *a form:*

I still dream of seeing her bending
Over the marly hillock,
Where in afternoons of October
She went to gather marguerites.

She placed them in her bosom,
Then she came to meet me.
From her hat of straw
Ribbons floating on the air.

. . . . . .

Far now from their sight, *up a carob-tree*
Climbed he, the most audacious,
And, their eyes filled with a thousand longings,
In a group awaited the rest.[3]

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[2]*No es romántica, amigos,*
Como decís, la niña,
No descolora con vinagre el rostro,
Ni en derredor de los sepulcros gira. . . .

Aun hierve entre sus venas
Roja sangre latina,
Mas calentada por el sol de fuego
Que en la bandera de los Andes brilla.

[3]Aun sueño verla inclinada
En la gredosa colina,
Donde en las tardes de octubre
Iba a juntar margaritas.

Las agrupaba en su seno,
Luego a mi encuentro venía,
De su sombrero de paja
Volando al aire las cintas.

. . . . . .

Lejos ya de su vista, a un algarrobo
Trepaba el más audaz,
Y con los ojos de mil ansias llenos
Esperaban en grupo los demás.

Examples could be multiplied by merely fixing one's gaze upon any page of his book. All his memories of home are a succession of pictures.

To this artistic paganism, however, our poet did not join, like Carducci, the crude asperity of the materialistic and sensual flavor characteristic of the most visible phase of the pagan civilization, above all, in its decadence. On the contrary, yielding to the mild influence of Christianity, he impregnated his artistic conception with a pure and delicate spiritual aroma. Let the artist be as much of a Christian, as much of an idealist, as much of a psychologist as you will—this would be very proper to our great Christian civilization—but on condition that he render the spiritual and the psychological tangible by pure and elegant line, that he make it shine with light and that he tinge it with color. It is thus that *modern classicism* is to be understood, according to my judgment.

As to Obligado's individual qualities, the ones that gave him a being and personality of his own, they consisted chiefly in a great love of corporeal nature (his paganism still) and in a soft ingenuity of sentiment and expression. That love of nature communicated to his poetry a truthfulness of observation and a wild fragrance absolutely unique among us. The poet gave us for the first time, like Pereda in Spain, *the flavor of the home soil*, which is the most delightful of all flavors. It is to be wondered at that he never struck upon the shoal that was presented by this passionate worship of nature, a shoal from which Wordsworth did not always escape: prolixity in description, the besetting sin of the minute observer. Because of his sentiment and color, he had the fresh aroma of the native and the individual; because of his artistic expression, he belonged to the best traditions of our race and language.

He also possessed order in composition and care in execution: the ability to take art as a serious labor of the spirit, not as a frivolous pastime or sudden and disorderly inspiration. He knew that it was not necessary to be incorrect or awkward in order to be a poet of fresh inspiration and bold flight. Those who did not know him, those who fancy that there was an absurd antagonism between these qualities and are always ready to look upon all care, all art, all polish, as indicative of affectation and effort, are always the impotent, those that do not succeed in creating anything original and individual, drawn from the depths of their beings (something that has always cost the most illustrious artists severe labor), or anything correct or inspired. Such persons, who were ridiculed long ago by Quintilian and who belonged to the guild that Hugo calls "the incomplete," make a merit of every defect, a portent of every vagary, a mark of genius of every barbarism. To common sense, they are people at sea. They are not aware that care and polish, if indeed they are at times the only refuge of those bereft of inspiration, the pedants of the party in opposition, spring, in true artists, from an exquisite organization whose thirst for beauty is not satisfied or content with anything; therefore, after having conceived *in the large*, they seek to model and chisel expression with the same diligent effort as that with which the sculptor models and chisels the marble of his statues. Obligado not only *planned* his compositions in general, but also each of his stanzas, causing them to present a whole, harmonious and of increasing interest. The second stanza of these admirable *décimas* serves as an example:

Runs the tale that on an evening
When itself the pampa abysses
In its own far-reaching acres,
Without its crown of stars atwinkle,
O'er the loftiest of the hillocks
Where there is most smiling clover
Shines the torch without an owner.
Amid the vague mist's formless curtains,
To the end the breeze may temper
The soft wings of wooing slumber.

Yet if the faintness be altered
To a tempest from its bosom,
Wildly bursts the concave thunder—
Which is speech of the dread lightning—
Strikes the lone *ombu*[4] obliquely
Flaming tongue of ruddy serpent,

[4]A tree common in southern South America: (*Picurnia dioica*), but popularly and symbolically associated with Argentina. It is the legendary tree of the pampa, and, although not particularly impressive in appearance, it has played a conspicuous part in literature.—THE EDITOR.

Which, calcinating its branches,
Serpentines, runs and mounts upward,
And from the tall tip discharges
Its scales in a brilliant shower.[5]

As to the language, Obligado knew it and cultivated it as few among us have known and cultivated it; he managed it with purity, freedom and elegance; and in his words and phrases his thought found its natural clothing.

If such were his excellences, what were his defects? Within the sphere to which his talent belonged, they were few and accidental. At times he abused color, with detriment to the drawing, and he did not properly mingle the shades. The very wealth of his palette carried him away then, causing him to err in respect of due restraint. At other times his verse is weak and halting. It seems at such moments that his Pegasus, in obedience to some inner depression of the rider, stretched out his neck and let his ears droop; but the spur did not long delay in causing him to recover his spirit. Occasionally, wounded, doubtless by our lack of American spirit, he fell into an exaggerated Americanism, as when he pronounced the name of Atahualpa,[6] as if he himself were concerned with him. It is certain, however, that if that valiant Indian should arise and had sufficient power, he would not hesitate to thrust us—including Obligado, with all his Americanism—beyond the sea; and the worst of it is that the great barbarian would be perfectly right in doing so. It would have been better therefore if the great love wasted by the poet on the American indigenes had been devoted to that which his race and tradition inspired in him.

The national character is manifested clearly in Obligado's poetry under four different aspects: the glorification of the memorable heroes and deeds of the struggle for independence; the narration and interpretation of popular legends and traditions; a feeling for and a portrayal of the surrounding nature; and the scenes and affections of the traditional Argentine home. The patria therefore permeates everywhere the work of the poet, giving to it the significance of a hymn raised in her honor, of an offering placed upon her altars.

The first aspect is brilliantly represented by three compositions, later than the first edition of his poems: *Ayohuma; El negro Falucho;* and *La retirada de Moquegua.* By a singular coincidence, all of them recount disasters to our arms, but glorious disasters or such as were heroically borne by those that were involved in them. It seems that the elegiac sentiment of the poet inclined him to mingle the sorrowful with the heroic, "while telling of the high honor of the vanquished," and that his filial love and reverence vibrated with even more strength in the discomfitures than in the triumphs of the patria.

Ayohuma! Day ungrateful,
In which, torn to shreds her vitals,
All alone on rugged mountain,
The sweet patria is dying!
Now exhausted, still she struggles
O'er the tablelands, stark, arid,
And the restless, charging columns
Of the serried hosts of Spain
Hemmed her in beneath the sun
With a glint of bayonets.

After having borne the onslaught,
In her own blood deeply miring,
Was the patria outpouring
In red jets her vital power.
With his reins afloat, Zelaya
Leading his horsemen, advances,
And, headlong charging, he plunges.
In the royal ranks he causes

[5] *Cuentan que en noche de aquellas*
En que la pampa se abisma
En la extensión de sí misma
Sin su corona de estrellas,
Sobre las lomas más bellas,
Donde hay mas trébol risueño,
Luce una antorcha sin dueño
Entre la niebla indecisa,
Para que temple la brisa
Las blandas alas del sueño.

Mas, si trocado el desmayo
En tempestad de su seno,
Estalla el cóncavo trueno,
Que es la palabra del rayo,
Hiere al ombú de soslayo
Rojiza sierpe de llamas,
Que, calcinando sus ramas,
Serpea, corre y asciende,
Y en la alta copa desprende
Brillante lluvia de escamas.

[6] Atahualpa or Atabalipa, the last Inca of Perú, the bastard son of the Inca Huaina Capac and the princess Paccha, heiress to the kingdom of Quito: he was strangled by order of Pizarro in 1533.—THE EDITOR.

The beat of triumph to silence,
And rouses a roar of vengeance.[7]

This is also seen in the *Retirada de Moquegua*, in which he portrayed epochally the anguish and the tragic accompaniments of the terrible retreat:

Torata, towering hillock,
On whose fatal slopes all withered
The campaign of Alvarado
Made beginning of its ruin.
Moquegua, neighboring the Andes,
And in vineyards richly dowered,
Where the breeze is still lamenting,
Wandering amid the flowers,
The catastrophe ensanguined
Of the patria's great redeemers.
. . . . .
Not now tigers and not lions—
They are men in desperation—
At whose thrust, thrown in confusion,
The ranks of the hostile squadrons
Are hurled back upon the cannon
By the shock of the mad masses . . .
And at length the Iberian legion
Victorious—that came after—
Before that sight, stops a moment
In stark, solemn indecision.[8]

[7]*¡Ayohuma! ¡Ingrato día,*
En que, rasgada la entraña,
Sola, en áspera montaña,
La dulce patria moría!
Exangüe ya, se batía
Por las áridas mesetas,
Y las columnas inquietas
Del ejército español
La envolvían bajo el sol
En chispear de bayonetas.

Tras la carga resistida,
Su misma sangre pisando,
Iba la patria arrojando
A borbotones la vida.
Zelaya, suelta la brida,
Con sus jinetes se avanza,
Y a limpio bote se lanza,
Hace en las filas reales
Callar las dianas triunfales,
Rugir la dusta venganza.

[8]*Torata, abrupta colina,*
En cuyo flanco abrasado
La campaña de Alvarado
Dió comienzo a su ruina;
Moquegua, al Andes vecina,
Y en viñedos opulenta,
Donde la brisa aun lamenta,
Divagando entre las flores,
De los grandes redentores
La catástrofe sangrienta.
. . . . . .
No ya tigres ni leones,
Son hombres desesperados,
A cuyo empuje arrollados
Los contrarios escuadrones,
Van a dar en los cañones
Con la fuerza del turbión. . .
Y la ibérica legión
Triunfadora, que en pos viene,
Ante aquello, se detiene
En solemne indecisión.

I have chosen these, from among many other beautiful stanzas, because in them may well be seen, at the same time as a just feeling for situations, the intimate relation of the heroic and the elegiac, which I have already pointed out.

The second phase, that of popular legends and traditions, comprises, under the general title of *Leyendas argentinas: Santos Vega, La salamanca, La mula ánima, El yaguarón* and *El cacuí*. This is the epic note of the book—condensation and a happy selection of the poetic material diffused in the superstitions of the people in a brief and fragmentary form—which is the only one permitted by the nature of present civilization.

Perhaps not in all America is there a country more meager in popular traditions and legends than ours. In other regions of the continent, there have been numerous and beautiful specimens from the time of the conquest. As for the purely indigenous legends, they can not have for us any particular interest. The poet, in a journey through several regions of the republic, gathered with love the last four legends indicated, which belong respectively to the grottoes, the mountains, the rivers and the forests of our nature. I may not pause now to study them; but I can not resist copying this beautiful and fresh picture, in *El yaguarón*, of the washerwoman at her task:

Over the clothing of others
She pours the sparkling water,
And in its transparent bosom,
A cake of soap in her fingers,
Gripping with hands brown and shapely,
She scrubs them hither and thither,
She beats, she wrings and she dries them. . .
And her flesh, all rosy-colored,
Creamy, globular soap-suds
Now cover up to the elbow.[9]

[9]*Sobre las ropas ajenas*
Vierte el agua reluciente,
Y en su seno transparente,
Con un pan de jabón llenas,
Crispa las manos morenas,
Frota de uno, de otro modo,

However, Obligado's masterpiece, in this group, is always the one that appeared first, *Santos Vega*, which forms a series of four compositions: *El alma, La prenda, El himno* and *La muerte del payador*. This is the most interesting of our few traditions, both because of the rich vein of poetry it contains and because of the more general tie that links it with us in the person of the most poetic of our popular types: the *gaucho*. In it may be seen, admirably felt and painted by the narrator, the end of a rustic and poetic age that is expiring melancholically as in a call to prayer,

Che paia il giorno pianger che si more.

and the triumphant hymn of the age that is dawning, splendidly and noisily: a living symbol of our recent evolution, with its lights and shadows.

This legend possesses, in the hands of our poet, a vital and spontaneous symbolism, which in no way does prejudice to the direct interest of the narrative, because it is fused intimately with it, as it springs from the same poetic superstition that serves it as a basis. This spontaneous symbolism may be observed in several passages of the series:

When the evening is descending,
Sobbing toward the west horizon,
Forth there creeps a somber shadow
Over Argentina's pampa;
When the mounting sun illumines
With its light serene and brilliant
All the scene of its broad acres,
Then the melancholy shadow
Flees while kissing its soft carpet
With the eagerness of anguish.[11]

This melancholy shadow that flees before the light of the sun is Santos Vega, to whom Obligado gives the true mythical, fantastic character he bears in the popular imagination: a character unknown to and falsified by those who sought previously to explore this mine. In the second *tradición*, an *eddy* interrupts the song of the *payador*,[12] and the composition terminates with this very significant stanza:

Then, the void's vast depths inflaming,
Up there rose the morning twilight
With that dawning glance of whiteness
That sets all the dew asparkle.
And when the sun on the river
Poured forth its first wave of glory
Was seen a swift, flitting shadow
Seeking in occident refuge.
And the lofty ombú *swaying*
Over a lone, ancient farm-house.[13]

Hence the poet constantly brings Santos Vega on the scene at the close of evening or when the night is well advanced:

"I am the cloud in the distance,"
Vega in his song was saying,
"That with the still, somber night-time
Flees with the coming of morning;
I am the light in thy window
That the moon sends down in handfuls;
That which—a child in thy cradle—
Opened thy smiling eyes often;
That which has sketched for thee day-dreams
In the lagoon in the desert."[14]

Bate, tuerce, enjuga, todo . . . .
Y por las carnes de rosa
Blanca espuma globulosa
Le va subiendo hasta el codo.

[10] That seems to be weeping for the day that is dying.—The Editor.

[11] *Cuando la tarde se inclina*
Sollozando al occidente,
Corre una sombre doliente
Sobre la pampa argentina;
Y cuando el sol ilumina
Con luz brillante y serena
Del ancho campo la escena,
La melancólica sombra
Huye besando su alfombra
Con el afán de la pena.

[12] An Argentinism: the *guacho* bard or improviser of popular songs, called *tristes* or *vidalitas* (corresponding to the *yaravíes* of Ecuador and Perú), sometimes amorous and sometimes nationalistic, and usually accompanied by the guitar.—The Editor.

[13] *Luego, inflamando el vacío,*
Se levantó la alborada,
Con esa blanca mirada
Que hace chispear el rocío.
Y cuando el sol en el río
Vertió su lumbre primera,
Se vió una sombra ligera
En occidente ocultarse,
Y el alto ombú balancearse
Sobre una antigua tapera.

[14] *Yo soy la nube lejana*
(Vega en su canto decía)
Que con la noche sombría
Huye al venir la mañana;
Soy la luz que en tu ventana
Filtra en manojos la luna;
La que de niña, en la cuna,
Abrió tus ojos risueños;
La que dibuja tus sueños
En la desierta laguna.

The symbolism is still more manifest in the fourth and last tradition, entitled *La muerte del payador,* which is, without doubt, the best and, perhaps, the loftiest of Obligado's inspirations. In it, a mixture of hymn and lament, Santos Vega dies after being vanquished by the prophetic song of his formidable adversary, in which palpitates our longing for glory, for bustle, for life. I only regret that the poet has yielded, although in a single case, to the evil temptation of disclosing and expressly pointing out this symbolism when he says in two verses of *La muerte del payador:*

> Since, in plain truth, Juan Stark Naked
> Did impersonate staid science;[15]

thereby all the fantastic prestige of the mysterious person disappears. One must leave to the figures, in such cases, their natural human lineaments, and then let every one extract the conclusion he prefers.

Of the four traditions that form the beautiful series, the third, *El himno del payador,* is the one of most epic character, not only because of its vigor and the picturing of the gauchesque game of *pato*[16] —so primitive and so barbarous—but because it is bound up, in the martial song of Santos Vega and in its consequences, with the heroic deeds of American independence.

All this means, in short, that Obligado happened on the only vein of epic poetry in our world and in our time, an accidental and very limited vein that reflects only partial aspects, but the only one that contains the spontaneous epic material diffused through our civilization, and it can be naturally depurated and transformed into art.

The last two aspects of Obligado's work, already indicated—nature and the home—are often presented delicately mingled in the same composition. It is so in *El hogar paterno, Autobiografía, Los horneros* and *A Aurora Risso Patrón,* the adopted daughter of the poet, a poem full of noble and beautiful verses:

> In asking blessings on thy youth so sprightly,
> Beseech the dear God whom the good illumines,
> That all the splendor of the Christian woman
> May crown thy temples of an Argentine.[17]

The poet's tone—so haughty and vibrating in his patriotic poems—takes pleasure, in those of intimate themes, in an amiable and free familiarity, at times humorous, always poetic and enchanting. Through them Spring glides, shedding fires and flowers.

The home was for our poet a cult, a very secret sanctuary, the generator and reanimator of the sacred fire of all the great virtues, all the noble affections, all the sacred beliefs. I know not whether they were very deep and certain in him—it would be difficult for them to be so in the times through which we are passing—but it is true that devotion to the home, which imbued him with pious respect, kept him at all times from falling into those vulgar anti-religious declamations, so much to the taste of popularistic writers and so far removed from true poetry. If all were illusion, he thought it a crime, worse even, a stupid baseness, to try to overthrow such illusions in those that cherished them, to give them, in turn, cold material truth that leaves objectless the purest and loftiest aspirations of the soul. And shall poetry be used as an instrument to this end? Blessed be the warm nest that preserved him from such abomination. His book of verses will therefore be the predilect one for all honorable homes.

As to love, in Obligado it was not an energetic and overwhelming affection, but the melancholy recollection of the adolescent. It may be seen then that he did not address his erotic songs to a living person, the possessor of his virile heart, but to a *dear memory,* that served as a stimulus to his almost childish impressions of this character. All his amatory poems were

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[15] *Que sin duda Juan Sin Ropa*
Era la ciencia en persona

[16] Derived from *pato,* duck: a game of strength and skill, formerly played by the countrymen or *gauchos* of Argentina. A duck, enveloped in a showily decorated bag, drawn closely around its neck in such a manner as to leave only the head exposed, was the object of contention and the prize of the successful rider. The game was played by a number of horsemen, and it was not only very cruel to the duck, but also very dangerous to the riders. It was discontinued many years ago.—THE EDITOR.

[17] *Al bendecir tu juventud lozana,*
Ruega al Dios que a los buenos ilumina,
Que corone tus sienes de argentina
El esplendor de la mujer cristiana.

inspired by that sole recollection. One of the most beautiful, in my view, is that entitled *En la ribera*. From it springs an intimate, vehement, very sweet sentiment, clothed in ingenuous, simple and natural expressions. To this is to be added a delicious biblical flavor, in no way affected with mannerisms, since it did not proceed from cold imitation, but from the spirit and the genius of the poet. How love of nature and human love were united and interwoven in his heart! Therefore his beloved seemed more beautiful on the banks of his favorite river, and the river and all nature were rendered more beautiful and shining by the presence of his beloved, and he exclaimed:

Oh, how beautiful art thou,
My loved one, in this bower!
Only for thee, and to reflect thy forehead,
Descending flows the Paraná unruffled.[18]

The murmur of the water sounds like the echo of

The lightsome swishing of her floating garments.[19]

In *El hogar vacío*, which it is impossible to read with dry eyes,

The limpid waters of the neighboring torrent[20]

cause him to imagine

That they are weeping for their dream now absent.[21]

and he beholds, as the effect of her irreparable loss, that through the patios fluttered

The leaves that have been sundered
From that orange-tree that of thy same age could boast it.[22]

In *Primavera*, he recalls the first moment in which, in order to present it to him, she plucked a rose from her shining tresses, in the same manner as the garland of *seíbo*[23] in the poem of this name; and, finally, in *Adolescente*, one of the most moving of his poems, a vision of happier times, clouded by the tears of the painful present, a melancholy moan that oppresses the heart, he exclaims, while causing us to remember the penetrating elegaic accent of Ruiz Aguilera:

From mine eyes remotely hidden,
From my life for ever vanished,
A fleck of foam away transported
By the sweep of sleeping currents.

Her white image the spent hours
Of my past illuminates,
Wandering far, and ever wandering
Through the high walled, flowery gorges.
. . . . . .
In her guileless recollection
Is my thought anon abyssed.[24]

This blurred and shadowy recollection gives to his amatory poetry very delicate unction and suavity; but in it may be noted the lack of the intense expression—decided and virile—of the intimate drama of his spirit, an expression so full of timbre when the patriotic sentiment vibrates in his verses.

Once, in the humorous and delicate composition of *Las quintas de mi tiempo*, the poet offers us somewhat of his intimate love of nature united with a humorous portrayal of the social customs of another

[18] ¡Oh, cuánto eres hermosa,
Mi amada, en este sitio!
Sólo por ti, y a reflejar tu frente,
Corriendo baja el Paraná tranquilo.

[19] El leve susurrar de su vestido.

[20] *Las limpias aguas del raudal cercano.*

[21] *que van llorando por su sueño ausente.*

[22] *Las hojas arrancadas*
De aquel naranjo que tu edad tenía.

[23] We have left the word in the text as the author of this article spelled it. The proper spelling is *ceibo*, and Obligado's poem is entitled *La flor del ceibo*. The *ceibo*, or more commonly *ceiba*, is a South American tree of the family of the *Bombaceae* that attains a height of thirty meters: it has a thick, clean, ash-colored trunk; full foliage, almost horizontal; reddish, spinous branches; palmate leaves; red, axillary flowers; and a conical fruit of some thirty centimeters in length, which contains six small seeds surrounded by a great quantity of a kind of cotton, used for stuffing pillows, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

[24] *¡Lejos se oculta a mis ojos,*
Lejos se oculta de vida,
Copo de espuma llevado
Por las corrientes dormidas!

Su blanca imagen las horas
De mi pasado ilumina,
Vagando lejos, vagando
Por las barrancas floridas.
. . . . .
Y en su inocente recuerdo
Mi pensamiento se abisma.

period. This poem is one of the freshest and most beautiful that Obligado ever wrote, and throughout, it is redolent of violets, roses and jasmine.

In a note on Coronado, I had occasion to remark how, in the author of *Siempreviva*, there subsisted, intimately united and fused, the Spanish traditional element and the most genuinely American creole element. The same and even more can be said of Obligado. I am not acquainted, in truth, with a more curious or eloquent case than that of this illustrious poet, who by dint of steeping himself in the essence of his country, has ended by finding himself, naturally, in that of his mother-country. The spontaneousness and sincerity of his "nationalism" and the same absence in him of exotic elements, so common here to-day, has made possible, as we see, under another aspect in Hernández,[25] their happy fusion with the most intimate and radical elements of our race, our traditional being, to such an extent that, as Valera has already observed, some of his poems seem to spring directly from the Spanish sixteenth century, and they have the flavor of the best inspirations of the age of gold. Nothing could demonstrate better than this living example of our national poets that the *truly* Argentine is still essentially Spanish; and what is most interesting in this case is that in Obligado the law of race has been fulfilled in spite of himself, or at least without his being in any wise conscious of it. He always held himself to be a crude American, an absolute Argentine, and his verses are proof positive that in Asia, in Europe and especially in Spain resides or resided all his poetic family connection. One must be blind not to see that all his works are impregnated with the Hebrew, Greco-Latin and Spanish spirit, to such an extent that what there was in him of the *exclusively creole* was, in the last analysis, limited to very slight proportions, in comparison with the abundance with which the great currents flowed in his soul.

What predominates in him, however, is his Hispanicism, which is of two kinds or consists of two elements: one of them unconscious, which springs from his inner nature, from race (the true foundation of all national character, considered intellectually, affectively and imaginatively), an element that is manifested in Obligado with all the strength of his perfect sincerity; the other, acquired voluntarily, supposing it to be inoffensive to his Argentine radicalism, while at the same time of use in giving artistic luster to his works, and which consists in the careful cultivation of the language and in the attentive reading of *our* classic authors, more slippery and treacherous than the poet imagined in his confident patriotism. Indeed, with such sins on one's conscience, it is not possible to aspire to the limbo of creole innocence: there is nothing to do but to suffer eternal punishment for them, with a good bit of legitimate literary glory, which may succeed in preserving the frontiers of the beloved patria. . . .

This contradiction between an artist's works and his theories is not new, certainly; but we do not hesitate to affirm that the case of Obligado, because of his sincerity and the instruction that he bestows, is certainly interesting, at least for us. It is sufficient, in order to convince one's self of what I assert, to examine closely such poems as *La flor del seíbo*, *Adolescente* and *En la ribera*. Change in the latter the Paraná for a river of Spain, and the *seíbo* for any beautiful European tree, the setting, in a word, and then say what remains in this poem of that which is properly and characteristically Argentine. Who can doubt that through it passes the Shulamite with that spikenard that shed its perfume in the presence of the lover? As to the flavor, tone and forms that so softly and candorously spring from the soul of the poet, the kinship they sustain to those of *La vida retirada* of the celestial Augustine[26] is evident.

[25] José Hernández: he was born in the country estate of Pueyrredón, in the *partido* of San Martín, in the province of Buenos Aires, November 10, 1834, and he died at his country home of San José, in Belgrano, a suburb of Buenos Aires, October 21, 1886. He was one of the most widely known Argentine men of letters, his famous poem *Martín Fierro* being known throughout the Spanish world. Regarding both the author and this poem, see the article entitled "Reflections upon Argentine Literature," by Ricardo Rojas, INTER-AMERICA for April, 1919.—THE EDITOR.

[26] Friar Luis Ponce de Leon, a celebrated Spanish poet and writer on religious subjects 1527–1591 : he

Well then: in the presence of such profound and spontaneous affinities of spirit and of all those that spring from identity of language, how are we to dream of a native literature, *ex integra causa*, fashioned with elements of its own? We have not and we can not have more elements characteristic of the soil than those of external nature, those derived from our historical vicissitudes, those of certain local types and customs, certain shades of feeling, thought and expression—important indubitably, but insufficient to constitute an essential originality, from the national or American point of view. We are not indigenes. Our spirit, by essence and culture, is, in general, European, and especially, Spanish. "Galicians of these parts," Sarmiento called us humorously. There is no reason to declaim and to protest against palpable and incontrovertible facts, because they, with their inconsiderate eloquence, carry everything before them, including him who stubbornly attempts to rebel against them.

It will be asked, however: What are we to conclude? Is or is not Rafael a national poet, an Argentine poet? I answer that the solution depends upon what is understood by "national" and "Argentine." If what is Argentine is constituted, as is certain, in the first place, by our traditions of race, the character of the latter, its fundamental excellences and defects, modified only by the *environment*—our religion, our language and the totality of elements of culture that enter into our organism: elements that are like rays emitted by the great European focus—it is clear that Rafael Obligado is an Argentine poet and one of our most national poets, because to these radical elements he was able to join the relief and coloring proper to the land in which he was born, the Argentine environment, as Pereda has given to his pictures the environment of Santander, so different from the Catalonian and the Andalusian, without ceasing to be Spanish.

If, however, by "Argentine" is to be understood, against all reason, something exclusively ours, essentially our own and different, something born and bred upon our soil, a body, in short, of original and indigenous elements that did not have their root and higher examples in Europe then it would be necessary to defend Obligado from Obligado himself, if he were set on this, and to affirm sufficiently loudly and fearlessly that the author of *Santos Vega* was a Spanish poet! I do not say Latin, as some would have it, because Obligado did not write in Latin and because the irritating little phrase *Latin race*, applied to us, is wanting in all historical meaning and is no more than a hypocritical deception used by the European enemies of Spain and by all the degenerates of *Hispanic America*.

I spoke a moment ago of our national character and traditions of race, and in order to clear up conceptions that are generally confused, I desire to transcribe here something pertinent from my lecture, "Race in art," which, if I am not mistaken, practically answers every objection. It is as follows:

> I am well aware that it is very difficult to define with precision the concept of race, and that there do not exist really pure races among the civilized peoples. We do speak and we may speak, however, of races in a relative and *sufficient* sense, because the ethnic elements that exist together in certain regions, their climate and character, their history and their common struggles, and the development of their civilization and culture, at times under identical influences, create and consolidate a certain common type, certain general characteristic traits, that give to them a perceptible unity, in spite of their differences. The continuous interchange and intercourse between them, because of the reasons mentioned above, and the necessity of a mutual adaptation, create at length in their bosom a bond, a family air, *a mean and predominant physiognomy*, that distinguish them as a whole from other similar groups and are reflected in their artistic productions. So, in spite of the mixture of the races that constitute Italy, Spain, France, England,

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was born in Belmonte del Tajo, and he assumed the habit at Salamanca, where he was graduated in theology. Because of his translation of *The Song of Songs* into the vernacular and of certain comments that he made thereon, he suffered imprisonment for five years. He was a profound scholar, deeply versed in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and on account of his talent and the excellent quality of his writings he was called "autor máximo de España." Many of his poems have become classic models. For translations of several of his poems, see Mr. Thomas Walsh's *Hispanic Anthology*, one of the *Hispanic Notes and Monographs* of the Hispanic Society of America, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920.—THE EDITOR.

and their notable regional diversities within themselves, there exists, unquestionably, an *Italian*, a *Spanish*, a *French*, an *English* character, which the simple national political bond would not explain—just as it would not be vitiated by the want of it—and which transcends specifically its customs, its public action, its tastes, its arts, languages and literature. When I speak to you of *race*, I give therefore to the term its historical, natural and loose sense, putting aside all theoretical and fictitious abstractions, which would lead to nothing certain. Thus it is understood also that there may be in Spain, in Italy and in France, men and manifestations of a different order, that do not seem to be Spanish, Italian or French, because of the accidental absence in them of the general, historically formed characteristic. On the other hand, there are others that possess it and proclaim it in an especially representative manner.[27]

In short, and taking up again the thread for a moment interrupted, the Argentine is not, in reality, anything more than the sum total of elements—European, and principally Spanish and more especially Andalusian—bathed in the environment and modified by the course of life in this portion of America. So our national literature is not and can not be aught else, for a long time at least, than an autonomous region of the great Castilian literary empire, as the literature of the United States is not and can not be anything more than an autonomous region of the great English literary empire. The two empires, whose respective capitals are where the best nourished and most vigorous creative genius and culture are manifested, are, for the glory of every one, the vastest of all those that have spread victoriously throughout the world.[28] In other respects, it is clear that between the two regions there may be marked differences of timbre, color and relief, that, reflected with sincerity and love in art, serve to make richer and more varied the common treasury. So the duke de Frías could say vigorously and prophetically:

But now and for ever the Argonaut of daring
Who faces the furors of the ocean,
When he lets go his heavy anchor
Upon the strands of the far antipodal regions,
Will see upreared the cross of Golgotha
And will listen to the language of Cervantes.[29]

As for the rest, and to terminate this already long exposition, the creolism of the singer of Echeverría and of *Santos Vega* succeeded in escaping the greater danger of the species: vulgar clumsiness. With his sure instinct of an artist and his excellent literary education, he has clothed the national art with a rich and elegant tunic, to send it forth triumphantly on the lofty highways of immortality.

Such was, or better, such *is*, the great poetic personality whose life has just concluded in so Christian a manner. Let us gather up with reverence and love the rich inheritance of beauty, of moral purity, of ingenuous and fragrant sentiment, of intimate and delicate harmony, that he bequeathes to his country and to his language and that will render his name glorious and imperishable.

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[27]The folly of those that have taken in bad part here the institution of the "Festival of the Race," in Spain and America, under the pretext of the supposed *scientific* inconsistency of the term, is evident. Pure pedantry!

[28]A notable confirmation of this estimate of the importance of English and Spanish, as world languages and instruments of universal literature, is seen in a comment made by the eminent Spanish man of letters and critic, don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, in his *Antología de poetas hispano-americanos*, volume I, pages III and IV: "There are two languages, among those that are spoken modernly in the world, that can aspire, in a certain degree, to the same singular excellence as that of the classic tongues. Between them is shared the greater number of the civilized peoples, and with them one can make the circuit of the planet with the certainty of being understood. . . . America is either English or Spanish; and in the extreme Orient, in the archipelagoes of Oceania, the two languages also exist, although in a very diverse proportion. British literature increases its own wealth, not only with the riches of the North American literature, but also with that which is already beginning to acquire vigor in Australia. We also ought to consider as an evidence of our greatness and as something whose splendors are reflected upon our own house and in part consoles us for our political humiliation and for the secondary place we occupy to-day in the direction of the affairs of the world, the circumstance that fifty million men, in one or the other hemisphere, speak our language, and whose history and literature we can do no less than consider as a part of our own."—THE EDITOR.

[29]*Mas ahora y siempre el argonauta osado*
Que del mar arrostrare los furores,
Al arrojar el áncora pesada
En las playas antipodas distantes;
Verá la cruz del Gólgota plantada
Y escuchara la lengua de Cervantes.

MARTA

A LEGEND OF THE CELESTIAL VOICE

BY

GRAÇA ARANHA

A type of religious legend that is very popular in the southern countries, and one in which a number of the modern or contemporary authors have been markedly successful.—*The Editor.*

IN THE time of the crusades, a duke, just married, had to go to fight for the faith. His wife was inconsolable over the separation; and, fearing the death of her husband, she made a vow that if she looked upon his face again, the first child she might have should be consecrated to the service of God. The duke returned, and after the passage of a certain time, a daughter was born to them whom they named Marta.

The child was startlingly beautiful, and the noble neighbors sorrowfully beheld her grow up, dead to the world. Marta no sooner reached girlhood than she entered a convent, where her beauty enchanted more even than her rare piety. The duke died in another crusade, and the widow, without other children, remained alone in the castle. Her only consolation was to see her daughter, who from time to time went to visit her, dressed as a nun.

Once, in passing through a wood to go to make one of her visits of consolation, it chanced that the maiden encountered a young hunter, the son of the count Palatine.

The youth, overwhelmed, fell wildly in love with the nun and followed her in silence to the castle. He struggled with himself to hide his passion, but it was impossible to do so; and, overcome by desire, he formed the plan of carrying her off.

One afternoon, disguised as a villager, the young count knocked at the door of the convent and informed Marta that the duchess was dying.

The nun set out at once for the house of her mother. The count accompanied her, and in the most solitary part of the wood he disclosed to her his trick and proposed that they flee and conceal their love in other lands.

Marta, terrified and virtuous, began to run. The youth, maddened, pursued her. The two raced through the woodland as if out of their senses. The nun, losing herself, took a road that led away from the castle, and in the desperation of flight she came to a river. The count was overtaking her.

A rock opened and received the young nun into its bosom of stone.

The count did not believe in the protection of God, and he set himself to wait until Marta should come forth.

So he remained days and days, living there, near the cliff. From within, instead of maledictions, came the echo of the nun's supplications for the salvation of her pursuer's soul.

Months, years, passed. The count grew old; his snowy beard reached down to his feet; and at length his heart, softened by the prayers of the nun, was purged of temptation, and he, converted, penitent, sang the hymns that Marta taught him from the inside of the inviolable rock. He swore then to consecrate himself to the service of God, and with the purpose of founding a religious order, he took leave of the nun with tears of repentance.

He withdrew, bent, old and full of the divine spirit. The rock opened and Marta came forth, with the same youthfulness with which she had entered. For her, aided and fed by the angels, time had not flown; and she cherished the illusion that she had passed a day, a single day, inclosed in the rock. Confounded, terrified, she returned to the convent.

During her absence, the nuns, hearing a celestial voice singing in their cells, passed the whole time upon their knees at the doors, penetrated, enveloped, by the melody, praying in ecstasy. When Sister Marta issued from the rock, the voice in the cells was silenced, and the nuns, freed from the spell, returned to their labors. Marta ran to the convent, and along her way, the season, which was that of winter, began to turn to spring, and the dry fields decked themselves with flowers.

She entered the convent and found it all as she had left it years before. . . . Time had not fled there, either. The nun threw herself at the feet of the mother superior, confessing the perils of her absence. The poor mother thought it was an affair of an instant of hallucination and told her that she had not left her cell, where she had sung the most beautiful praises to the Lord. Marta, astonished, retired to her room, from which, at the very moment, she saw issue an angel that had taken her place during her absence, and that was of her own image.

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(*Continuation*)

A continuation of the history of don Quijote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza, begun in the August number of *Inter-America*, in which the worthy knight, ever in search of adventure, after romantic preparation, makes his escape, along with his unwilling squire, from Uncle Sam's enchanted castle.—*The Editor.*

CHAPTER V

WHICH TREATS OF THE COLLOQUY THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND HIS GUESTS, WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY OF BEING RELATED FOR THE BETTER COMPREHENSION OF THIS VERIDICAL HISTORY

THE day was far advanced when Sancho awakened, but, finding himself in so good and comfortable a bed, he remained there stretched at his ease and so well satisfied that he bothered himself little or none about the strange case of his having come to life. The idea occurred to him, but he rejected it, thinking to himself that, since he was so well off, there was no reason to rack his wits to conjure up sorceries that meant nothing to him. He was lolling therefore amid the idle feathers with the great delight of not thinking about anything when he saw a servant that he recognized as one of the crowd that had given him the ducking of the day before, and who, approaching with a slow step the couch where don Quijote was sleeping, and seeing him quiet and resting, went to Sancho.

"God give good day to your honor," said Sancho to him.

"And may the señor squire enjoy the same;" and he added knavishly, "how has your honor awakened?"

"Fine," replied Sancho," in spite of the drubbing administered us yesterday by certain varlets that I do not mention, because I am opposed to meddling in quarrels and investigations."

"Would the señor squire like for me to serve him his breakfast?" inquired the servant, who had had a lesson in discretion and not getting drawn into things.

"And so delighted," replied Sancho, "that I shall thank you with all my heart."

Whereupon the servant went out and returned again soon bringing on a waiter a steaming cup and with it two hot rolls covered with butter. Sancho's eyes gleamed, and he sat up in bed, breathing in the aroma of the savory chocolate that came from the cup.

"Let the señor squire get up," said the servant.

"I do not see the need," answered Sancho, "for, however early one gets up, the day breaks no sooner, and a full stomach makes a merry heart."

The servant made a bow and prepared to leave, but Sancho was minded to talk.

"Come, your honor," he said to him, "as there is time for everything; I am well able to take nourishment and talk with freedom. I should like to have a bit of small talk, seeing that I am so well served!"

"May the señor squire pardon me if I do not comply with his request, but I have occupations that prevent me," replied the servant.

"Your honor is right, for obligation comes before devotion, although in my opinion it is a great discourtesy to leave your guest with a word in his mouth."

Without more ado, the servant made another bow and left by the way he had come.

"Yes, yes, sirree," said Sancho, "these sorcerers are mightily lacking in courtesy;" and, tasting to his heart's content, he began to regale himself with the succulent

breakfast with so good an appetite that it is recorded that he did not even leave the crumbs.

Sancho had no sooner breakfasted than don Quijote began to stir and then he awakened, suddenly sitting up in bed as if he had come back from a bad dream. Sancho observed him and seeing him with his tousled hair, his watery eyes, his long, scrawny neck, his arms that looked like vines and his startled attitude, he burst into the merriest of laughter.

Don Quijote became angry and said to him: "At what dost thou laugh, rascal? Dost not know that *per multum risum, agnoscitur stultum?*"

Without ceasing to laugh, Sancho replied: "Speak in Christian, your honor, if you wish us to understand each other; for as to Greek, I am a bit slow, not to say deaf."

"It is not Greek, but Latin," said don Quijote: "and what I mean to say is that a fool is known by his laughter."

Trying to restrain himself, Sancho answered: "Now, indeed, I understand, but the fact is that if even your honor were to see yourself in such a predicament, you also would have to laugh."

Don Quijote dressed himself peevishly, and when Sancho beheld his anger, he did not dare to speak to him, and he also put on his clothes, although slowly; but such was his desire to prattle that a little later, after having taken a turn about the room, he came to his master and said to him: "Doesn't your honor wish to have your breakfast?"

"Hast thou, perchance, brought the saddle-bags?" asked don Quijote.

"What better saddle-bags than these men that we have at our service! If your honor were not so set on sleeping, you would have seen the substantial breakfast on which I have just nourished myself."

Sancho was speaking when in came Uncle Sam, followed by a servant, who left upon the table a complete service for don Quijote's breakfast.

"I hold it to be a great honor—this of bidding the señor knight of La Mancha good morning," said Uncle Sam. "Come, your honor, and have the goodness to strengthen yourself with his savory chocolate."

"You bet it is savory," said Sancho. "For never in my life have I tasted anything better or richer."

Don Quijote was silent, and after a moment, turning upon Uncle Sam, he said to him: "Tell me, señor Sorcerer, to what is due your enmity toward me?"

"Friendship, the señor don Quijote must mean," replied Uncle Sam.

"Friendship! Think you that it is the part of friendship to sequester a knight-errant and deprive the world of his services?"

"Time will there be to enable the señor don Quijote to right wrongs, to redress injustices and to succor the needy," said Uncle Sam, with much urbanity; "but the knight-errant will not be so discourteous as not to wish to honor me by remaining a week in this castle to give me his company and to enjoy the fruits of the chase and the table."

"There is no doubt of it!" said Sancho. "As for me, I can say that I do not wish to return to the road and that I would remain here not only a week, but every week, in the company of my señor don Samuel, always provided and whenever they do not again take a turn at us with a new flogging of water, and that this señor Nocturn keep his lashes for others."

"What is this about Nocturn?" asked don Quijote.

"But doesn't your honor recall that yesterday you laid upon him the blame for the beating?"

"Neptune, thou meanest to say," corrected don Quijote.

"Neptune or Nocturn," replied Sancho; "in the affair of a beating, it is all one, whether it come from Pedro, Juan or Martín: the evil is in receiving it."

However great don Quijote's aversion, the chocolate gave forth so grateful an odor that, yielding to Uncle Sam's insistence, our good hidalgo seated himself at the table and began to eat with discreet moderation and temperateness.

"What has your honor to say about this chocolate?" asked Sancho.

"It can not be denied that it is good," answered don Quijote.

"Not so good," Uncle Sam hastened to say, "as the honor and glory of knight-errantry deserves."

Don Quijote thanked him with a bow, and after a moment, looking fixedly at Uncle Sam, he said to him: "Your honor would do me a great favor, if you would explain to me the reason of my being enchanted in this palace."

"I should not be behindhand with such an explanation, if there were one; but let your honor be sure that it is not a question of enchantments or anything of the kind," said Uncle Sam with emphasis; and then he added: "what there is in this curious and never-beheld case is that your honor's spirit, always given to quarrels and adventures, challenged me to see whether I could resuscitate you, and I, who delight not in fear, either of the dead or of the living, accepted the challenge. I set to work, and behold, my señor don Quijote and his noble squire (who was associated with you in the challenge) bearing testimony to my victory, which, in truth, neither diminishes nor tarnishes the luster of your valor."

Sancho was filled with wonder when he heard what Uncle Sam had to say, and, not being able to restrain himself, he asked him: "But tell me, your honor or excellency, is it true that in these realms it is the custom to raise the dead? Devil take me, but it can never be the dead, can it? For the life of me, I should never have imagined such a thing! And if indeed my master is so persistent that even as a dead man he meddles in adventures and quarrels, it were well that he alone be resuscitated; but I, what have I to do with this affair?"

"How, Sancho!" exclaimed Uncle Sam, "and are you minded to abandon your master in this adventure? You, the most loyal of squires of whom history makes mention: it is not well that you should dishonor yourself by refusing to accompany the señor don Quijote; for difficult is it to conceive of the knight-errant unaccompanied by the discreet Sancho."

"I do not say that I will not be faithful to my master," said Sancho; "but is it to be understood that living or dead I must always remain in his service?"

"That is your destiny, friend Panza," answered Uncle Sam; "but let not this fidelity burden you, for sooner or later, not one island but many islands will be placed under your dominion. For my part, I am able to tell you that I have an island already prepared, than which there is no better within a thousand leagues around."

"Speaking thus, now we understand each other," said Sancho; "for your excellency will soon see whether I know how to govern as well as any other son of a neighbor; for under a poor cloak may be concealed a good tippler; and he that seems to be bald gets his hair pulled; and when God gives. . . ."

Sancho did not conclude his proverbs, because don Quijote, who for some time was becoming more and more irritated, suddenly rose, and, striking the table with his closed fist, said:

"Enough, enough! We have had enough of humbug, señor Sorcerer! Your guile and your trickery are good enough to be believed by Sancho's simplicity, but they are unseemly in my presence. I am not aware that there have ever been sages capable of raising the dead, and all that there is in this predicament is your envy, which has suggested to you the idea of bewitching me, and with me, the peerless Dulcinea and good Sancho by way of full measure. What then; this long sleep in which you have made me pass so many years (and years they must be): is it not a palpable proof of your sorceries and perhaps of some demoniacal philter that you have composed thus to have things your own sweet way while don Quijote slept?"

Sancho, who was scratching his ear, put out by the rebuffs of his master, when Uncle Sam was making him such good offers, permitted himself to say: "Do not return, your honor, to your wanderings, for you already know that they cost us dear and that life was not given us for blows. Have done now with bravados, and try to hold yourself in; since this señor Sorcerer (with pardon be it said) has been so kind to us, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall sigh."

Don Quijote was about to fly off again when Uncle Sam, fearful of his guest's outbreak, said to him: "Do not become impatient, my señor don Quijote, as there will be time for me to give account and the

explanation of everything that surprises you and causes you to wonder; and in the meantime I am going to arrange the best means and manner for your honor to become acquainted with my states and to be received in them as your high person deserves." Without waiting for an answer, and saluting with great bowings of the head, Uncle Sam went out hastily, leaving don Quijote disconcerted, and Sancho more than pleased with the promise of the island.

Chapter VI

In which will be seen the means used by don Quijote to leave the chalet that he imagined to be an enchanted castle

Don Quijote passed the whole of that day in cavilings, with his imagination filled with the idea of sorceries, monsters and phantasms, and given over to recalling what was done in such cases by the most famous knights-errant; but, however much he searched his memory, he did not discover that any of them had ever found himself in so great a strait as that which had befallen him; whereupon our good hidalgo heated his brains uselessly to see how he could come off victorious in the adventure. So wrapped was he in these thoughts that he spent his whole time in stalking back and forth, gesticulating, making grimaces and talking to himself as if he were arguing with the phantasms that were passing through his brain. Sancho undertook to draw him out of his self absorption, but seeing that he did not succeed in it, he set himself to examine the furniture, statues and bric-à-brac, marveling at their varied forms, their singular beauty and the comfort they offered, in spite of the fact that he could not make out what were the objects and uses of many of them. Speaking to himself—because don Quijote did not hear him—he gave himself up to praising the inventions of the sorcerers and the convenience and luxury with which they must live in such castles. The good Panza felt so well satisfied and found everything so much to his liking that he believed himself now a great lord and he let his mind run on the phantasy of the island that Uncle Sam had so generously offered him, taking it for granted that the offer was the same as an accomplished fact.

It goes without saying that at the well served luncheon that followed the breakfast, as well as the appetizing afternoon tea,[1] which Sancho called *merienda*,[2] Sancho let himself go, gulping down numerous glasses of certain wines, that, in his opinion, ought to be drunk in cups of gold, so much did they appeal to him. He did not think the same about the beer, and as soon as he had tasted it, he fancied it had poison in it, and he recommended his master not to try it. As to don Quijote, he hardly touched a bite, being gloomy and silent, and he let Sancho stuff himself and wag his tongue without regard to what he was saying, until the squire got tired and stretched himself upon a chaise-longue, in order to digest more at ease, and he ended up by falling fast asleep and snoring in all the tones of a complicated and sonorous organ.

When the afternoon was well advanced, don Quijote, who had passed the day reheating his brain with the images of his unfortunate books of chivalry, fixed his mind upon the idea of escaping that same night from the enchanted castle, as he supposed the country-house of the lord of Yankeeland to be; and, carried away by it, he started Sancho out of his sleep by saying to him:

"Awake, Sancho, awake, and get thee out to saddle Rocinante, for it is necessary that we open a passage to fare us forth from this fortress, even though the devil himself oppose us."

"When I tell your honor that you are not all right in your mind . . ." said Sancho, rubbing his eyes; "and does not your honor know that there is no such Rocinante and that not even the gray favors us with his company?"

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[1]The author says *lonche*, after the English "lunch," but as he has already used *almuerzo*, which is the correct word for the noon meal and which we have translated by "lunch," we must assume he has in mind afternoon refreshment or tea.—The Editor.

[2]The proper Castilian word for any kind of light lunch taken in the afternoon, between the *almuerzo* (lunch) and the *comida* (dinner) or *cena* (supper).—The Editor.

"Thou art right," answered don Quijote; "and it is a sore strait for a knight-errant to behold himself in, to be deprived of his steed. By my troth! this is a new outrage that is wrought upon me; but free thy mind, Sancho, as I shall know how to wreak vengeance in due season."

"Have done with such fancies," replied the squire. "Would it not be the height of folly for us—above all, while we are here and living on the fat of the land—to set forth in search of hunger and fasting, not to speak of cudgelings and stonings?"

"Crazy, or rather, enchanted art thou, Sancho, when thou dost say such things," quoth don Quijote. "Yet it surprises me not that thou shouldst thus take evil for good, since it is in the power of sorcerers to twist the wits to the point of causing one to see as white what is black and to count ill fortune good."

Sancho was going to reply to his master when, the night having now fallen, the numerous clusters of electric lights that hung from the handsome chandeliers that dropped from the ceiling flashed up all at once. Don Quijote was suddenly taken aback, and Sancho was astounded. He looked at his master, and then said with manifest enthusiasm:

"This, indeed, is witchcraft and enchantment and sorcery!"

Don Quijote, however, back again at the point of his first impression, let himself say disdainfully: "Well am I aware of these wiles; and, as we perceive, Uncle Sam has not only entered into league with Neptune, but also with Pluto to gain possession of my spirit; but all three will be held up to scorn, for I am a Christian and a knight-errant as well, and I am not to be overawed by sorcerers, nor will I be vanquished by dangers or ambuscades. Calm thyself then, friend Sancho; let not thy simplicity permit thee to be hallucinated by things of such trifling moment as these tiny lights of form and artifice."

Sancho, who was looking at the lamps with his mouth open, turned to don Quijote and said:

"Yet, behold, my señor master, that, howbeit the result of witchcraft, it is something very good to look at, this light that illuminates us. If the devil is concerned in this affair, I declare that the devil is a very wise person and of greater genius than all the bachelors and licentiates that came from Sigüenza and even from Salamanca."

With nightfall and the event of the lights, our good don Quijote's brain was set completely afire; and, becoming restless and craving adventures, he approached the doors that opened upon the outside of the building and began to try to force them open, but he did not succeed in doing so. After much effort, he looked out through the balcony, measured with his eye its height above the garden—which was about ten yards or so—and, calling to Sancho, he made him also come to the balcony, and he said to him:

"Now thou seest, friend Sancho, that we can escape hereby without any risk: it is a mere affair of a leap. I shall jump first, and thou wilt follow, for it is urgent to begin this great adventure now."

"For the love of God," said Sancho, clapping both hands to his head; "but does your honor wish to break your skull? Or is it that the air has affected your brain, and you have lost your wits? It will certainly not be Sancho Panza that will do any such foolish thing. Remember, your honor, that you are a Christian and that it is a sin, and one of the greatest of sins, this of one's assassinating himself."

"Committing suicide, thou wouldst say," corrected don Quijote.

"It must be so," said Sancho; "but in good Castilian, all this is to kill one's self and to make an end of one's life."

"Didst not bring along a silken ladder?" asked don Quijote.

"Neither a silken ladder nor anything of its like!" answered Sancho in a huff. "Have a care, your honor, for your health, and do not attempt further follies. If we are so well off in this castle, and if they are doing so much for us, is there any reason why we should take a notion to break our heads by going through this window, like persons without any gumption?"

Don Quijote remained thoughtful for a while. Then, suddenly slapping himself on the head, he said to Sancho:

"Fear not, my son; for little genius is needed to issue from this adventure without incurring any risk; and let it be under-

stood that I say it for thee as much as for myself: I take pleasure in facing danger. Come then, and straightway we shall be free by appealing to the ancient method of bringing every sort of witchcraft to naught by the application of genius."

Speaking on this wise, don Quijote went to the bedroom in great haste, pulled the clothes off his bed and Sancho's, laid hands on a pair of scissors that he drew from a case, marked three widths upon each sheet and then at once began to tear them from end to end, thus converting them into narrow strips. Sancho looked on, moving his head from side to side, without guessing the purpose of his master, who with great satisfaction, after tearing to his heart's content, began to tie the widths with fast knots until he had formed a strip that measured a dozen yards or more. Don Quijote was satisfied with his industry, and he said:

"Now thou seest therefore, friend Sancho, that if not a ladder of silk, we have one, equal to the best, made of sheeting, so much so that I consider it as good as, if not better than, the ladders used in such cases by lovelorn damsels and daring adventurers. Go then, and make ready against the coming of midnight; for such adventures demand the quiet of the later hours, and so, when nature is sleeping tranquilly and the nocturnal orb shows its pallid face amid the ashen clouds, and the wakeful mastiff howls and the owl screeches out in the silence, it is the time in which youth, wounded by the treacherous arrow of the blindfold boy, lowers the silken ladder and wafts a chaste kiss to the adored captive, who, from the lofty tower of the castle, waves the dainty lace of her kerchief perfumed with her tender tears."

"But what captive is there here and what youth, that your honor should give utterance now to these speeches?" said Sancho, little pleased with don Quijote's imaginings.

"So there is neither youth nor captive?" replied don Quijote. "Dost not know, dunce, that Dulcinea is the captive and that I am the youth?"

"The youth, your honor?" exclaimed Sancho. "I should never believe it; and as to escape, it seems wrong that, if my señora Dulcinea be in this castle, we should flee, leaving her a captive."

"It is clear," said don Quijote, "that these occurrences are too much for thee, if thou art not able to understand that, in order to break the enchantment in which we are involved, it is necessary to go forth from this palace secretly and according to the laws of chivalry as they are set forth in the histories of the most famous paladins."

The squire raised his shoulders, without admitting that he was beaten; and don Quijote, sure now of having found the means of mocking the wiles of the envious Merlin, paid no attention to Sancho's distrust and became tranquil, awaiting the arrival of midnight, a condition necessary in his judgment to crowning the projected undertaking with success.

Our hidalgo, as may be seen in the course of this veridical history, was a person of strong character and firm resolution, and, as such, as soon as he had reached the point of finding the means to overcome any difficulty, he set his hand to what had been determined and without bothering over new doubts or cavilings, which cause the understanding to hesitate and diminish manly energy. So therefore he did not again mention the outlined plan of escape, and, instead, he refreshed his mind by relating to his squire (who was peevish and downcast) pleasing tales of knight-errantry, and he seemed so indulgent and complacent that, as Sancho had brought Uncle Sam into the conversation, don Quijote said that he entertained some doubt as to whether this personage might be the wise Merlin or not, since because of certain signs it might be concluded that they had to do with some knight enchanted by the same envious wizard.

When Sancho heard this explanation, he said: "Being thus, as your honor says and as it also seems to me, it would be best for us to enter into an arrangement with the señor don Samuel, since for something it has been said that four eyes see more than two, and that he that takes to a good tree will be covered by a good shade."

"What you say about coming to terms does not seem wise to me," said don Qui-

jote, "since my conclusions are mere assumptions, and since Uncle Sam, in case of our demanding his aid and counsel, might suppose that there were on my part little discernment and slight courage for undertaking the adventure. On the other hand, if my suppositions turn out to be well founded (a thing that I am coming to believe probable), it would be more knightly were I, as soon as I have disenchanted myself by my own efforts, to disenchant also this don Samuel or don Uncle, who offers us his friendship in so courteous a manner."

With these and other conversations, the night wore away, and it must have been about eleven when there entered a servant with supper, and after him came Uncle Sam, who was most agreeably surprised when he beheld don Quijote's good humor; for the idea of the next adventure and the conviction that he would come off with flying colors kindled his imagination, and with it his countenance, to such a degree that he appeared rejuvenated and cheerful. Courteous salutations were exchanged between the two, and a moment later, invited by Uncle Sam, the ingenious hidalgo, without waiting to be urged, tried two or three delicacies and even regaled himself with a glass of old wine; and while Uncle Sam was explaining to him, with many polite expressions, the great festivities with which it was intended to celebrate his advent, our good hidalgo began to think, in confirmation of his suspicions, that Uncle Sam was not Merlin, but some castellan enchanted in his own castle, unaware of his own enchantment.

Don Quijote therefore thanked him in choice phrases and began to descant courteously upon the luxury and comfort enjoyed in that lordly mansion, for thus it is that the kindled fancy settles quarrels and predisposes to conciliation and good-natured benevolence.

When he had finished his supper, don Quijote wished to inform himself regarding the manners and customs of those states, and Uncle Sam highly extolled the activity and labor of his subjects.

"Work is a good thing," said don Quijote, "as long as a man does not take it for a norm and a guide for human actions, for when it is taken thus, it becomes rather an ambition that belittles a man by robbing the intelligence of its natural vivacity and the heart of its generous instincts. A means, and not an end, is work, and it should not be used to attain the wealth that renders mean and selfish, but to provide sustenance with honor and minister to the good of the needy and to attend to necessities. A law of the human species is this of which we speak, but few are they, in truth, that faithfully fulfil it, and many are they that abuse it with immoderate zeal to gather treasures for their own benefit, without having any regard for the equitable distribution of the fruits of the earth. Worthy is he that eats bread by the sweat of his brow, but worthy of vituperation is the covetous and the avaricious man that devotes all his efforts to gain and lucre, as if for such base things man was placed upon the earth."

Uncle Sam was astonished when he heard these discreet remarks, and he knew not what to reply. He then observed that Sancho, unlike his master, was in a bad humor, so, giving him a tap on the shoulder, he said to him: "What do you think, friend Sancho, of what the señor don Quijote is saying?"

"What ought I to think except that works betoken love and not fine phrases? I mean to say, that from saying to doing there is often much ruing, and that if my master always spoke so sensibly thus and would then put into practice what he says, we ought greatly to prosper; but as sure as fate we shall return to our old habits, and they will conclude by bringing us a drubbing."

"Say not so, friend Sancho," replied Uncle Sam; "for if yesteryear they beat you with staves and tossed you in a blanket at the inn of long ago, to-day all will be prosperity and good times, with islands to govern and homage to receive; for well have you earned such blessings. Ask what it may please you, brother Sancho, for I am here to satisfy your entreaties. Would you be pleased with a county and good doubloons and broad acres of harvest land? Would you rather the government of some kingdom, with many vassals and armies?"

"Both proposals seem good," said Sancho, "for if the county leaves nothing to do but to enjoy, the affair of the kingdom has the advantage of conferring authority, which is not a little, since it bestows the right to do what is most pleasing to the ruler without any one's calling him to account. As I take it, the two things could be conciliated, since one might well accept from the county the harvest lands and from the kingdom the authority and homage."

"Enough, Sancho, of comments," said don Quijote; and then, addressing Uncle Sam, he added: "If your honor gives him rope, he will never cease speaking and he will bore us until morning, talking nonsense and asking for favors."

Uncle Sam smiled, and seeing that the hour was advancing, he took leave of his guests.

Don Quijote accompanied him to the door with courteous attentions, the two gentleman exchanging polite phrases.

When the master and servant were alone, Sancho asked:

"Does your honor insist upon such folly as that of wishing to escape?"

"Who could doubt it?" answered don Quijote, who, having forgotten the project in the pleasant talk, again surrendered his mind to his madness, adding: "to work, friend Sancho, for it is necessary to hasten ere rubicund Phoebus swings back the doors of the darkling night with his accustomed punctuality."

Saying these words, the imagination of the good knight became heated once more. He went into the bedroom and soon returned with what he called the ladder of batiste. He stepped to the balcony, tied the improvised rope to the railing with a double knot, tried its strength with a pull, felt satisfied and finally said: "Now, my good squire, begins the sprightly adventure. Propitious is the occasion; the celestial luminaries are witnesses that invite to high emprise; the nocturnal calm enables the vigorous will better to give heed to counsel, and prodigal fortune is about to bestow upon me new laurels in tourney and in battle. Ho, valorous squire, for I am going to lower the ladder that leads us to glory, and you will follow me with boldness and with ardor."

"That will I not do," answered Sancho, all in a stew.

"Thou wilt not do it, rascal, dolt, varlet?" shouted don Quijote. "If thou dost but resist, I shall not leave thee a whole bone!"

"Beat me, your honor, pound me with clubs," said Sancho, in an appealing tone; "but let my señor don Quijote consider that he is a knight-errant and that he was made to break his head; I, wretch that I am, am an unhappy lout, and to boot, the father of a family."

"What thou art is a coward and a knave into the bargain, and to cure thee of such ways, unworthy of thy squirely and adventurous profession, thou shalt go first, if not with a good grace, then with a bad one!"

Sancho realized that his master was going to do to him what he said, so angry was he; and having regard for his safety, he consented to descend, but after don Quijote, in order that, with the latter's weight, it might be shown whether there were danger or not. The master, calmed by the resignation of his servant, tied one end of the rope to his girdle, seized with both hands the other end that was fastened to the railing, with the intention—as he said to Sancho, to teach him a lesson—of lowering himself gradually by stopping at the knots; and then, without hesitating, he leaped into the air. At first he was able to check himself, but he could not stand the strain long, and he slid down so fast that he bumped against the ground, not very hard, thanks to the fact that he had attached himself to the rope and that the so-called ladder of batiste barely reached the ground.

After the natural shock of the fall, don Quijote arose, only to tumble over again; next he tripped over himself and then he succeeded finally in rising, although somewhat dizzy and wabbly. Blood was oozing from his hands, which had been chafed by the friction; but he paid no attention to this, so great was his satisfaction. He at once set about untying the knot from his girdle; but, as it was one of the kind called "hard," he could not undo

it, for all his effort, and he chose, not without recalling the Gordian knot, to cut it with the sword he carried at his waist. Saying and doing, he raised his head and, making a trumpet of his right hand, he ordered Sancho to launch himself forth by the famous rope. Sancho, who was leaning with half his body out of the balcony, had seen the thump his master had received, and he knew not what to do. He was moist and dizzy; and, although he went as far as to lay hold of the rope, he did not dare to descend; and with a pitiful voice he cursed his fate and cried out to his master that he be permitted, for God's sake, to wait, at least until daybreak. Don Quijote persisted, however, in ordering him imperatively to descend; and Sancho concluded by becoming angry and resolutely refusing. Don Quijote, foaming at the mouth, redoubled his threats; and Sancho, submissive once more, finally tied the rope to his belt, but with as much trepidation as if he were about to be hung.

"What are you waiting for, demon?" vociferated don Quijote. "If thou dost not come down at once, I shall scale the balcony and throw thee down head foremost."

"But what harm have I done, your honor, that you should treat me so?" cried the unfortunate squire.

"Cease thy lamentations," said don Quijote, "as it will go harder with thee, if thou remainest, for Merlin will wreak upon thee the anger that my flight will cause him."

This argument, and the fear he had of remaining alone, finished convincing the unhappy fellow, who, after tying himself, wrapped the rope around his waist, as if to convert himself into a distaff; then, seizing the railing, he climbed to the outside of the balcony, crossed himself devoutly, groaned again, and commending himself to God with all his might, he hurled himself into the air, holding on tight to one of the knots. When he found himself suspended thus, he began to cry out for help, remaining in the air, without going up or down, from a desire to keep his grip; but, after a short time, his strength failed, he loosed his hold, and then the renowned ladder of batiste began to unwind, thus causing him to roll over and over and to plunge headlong with such speed that the luckless chap seemed to be a burly marionette in the hands of a puppet showman. The worst of it was that when he wanted about two yards of reaching the ground the knot broke, and he came down head first at the feet of don Quijote. The unhappy fellow uttered so many complaints that it rent the soul; and his master, regretting the thump, tried to lift him from the ground, while he sought to encourage him by telling him it would soon pass, and that he would be without a care.

"How without a care?" said Sancho; "what I am without is a back, for by my faith, I have broken it in two!"

After a moment of lamentations on the part of Sancho, and of rubbing and kind words on the part of don Quijote, the latter succeeded in convincing his squire that his bones were whole and in their places, and he persuaded him to get up. Crossing the spacious park that extended around the chalet, they set forth into the country, the knight-errant as happy as Christmas, and Sancho Panza scowling and morose.

(To be continued)

THE RUBY

A LEGEND

BY

RUBÉN DARÍO

Like Poe, Rubén Darío's literary art was not confined to expression in verse. He was a master of prose as well. In this legend, he tells how the ruby originated, and how, in that world of gnomes where precious stones are common playthings, the "synthetic" jewel, snatched from the trinket of a popular Parisian beauty, was disesteemed and scorned and shattered to fragments.—*The Editor.*

WHEN the gnomes were gathered, some with their hammers and short axes in their hands, others in gala attire—with pointed caps, red and flaming, covered with precious stones—all curious, Puck spoke thus:

"You have asked me to bring you a specimen of the new human falsification, and I have satisfied your desires. Those rubies! In the great city of Paris, flying invisible, I saw them everywhere. They shone in the necklaces of the courtezans, on the exotic decorations of the *rastacueros*,[1] in the rings of the Italian princes and in the bracelets of the prima donnas."

With a knavish smile he continued:

"I squeezed into a certain rose-colored boudoir much in vogue. . . . There, was a beautiful woman asleep. From her neck I snatched a medallion, and from the medallion a ruby. Here you have it."

They all burst into laughter. What a tinkling!

"Eh, friend Puck!"

Afterward they gave their opinions of that false stone, the work of a man, of a savant, which is worse.

"Glass!"

"Black art!"

"Poison and cabala!"

"Chemistry!"

"To pretend to imitate a fragment of the rainbow!"

"The rubicund treasure of the bowels of the earth!"

"Made of the solidified rays of the setting sun!"

The oldest gnome, walking about with his twisted legs, his great snowy beard, his aspect of a patriarch, his face filled with wrinkles, said:

"Señores! you know not what you are saying. I, that am the oldest of you, shall tell you how the ruby was made. Harken:

"One day, we, the bands that have under our charge the mines of diamonds, had a strike that stirred the whole earth, and we went forth in flight through the craters of the volcanoes.

"The world was full of glee; all was vigor and youth; and the roses and the fresh green leaves and the birds, into whose crops enters the grain and whence emerges the twitter, and all the countryside, saluted the sun and the fragrant springtime.

"The mountain was flushed with flowers and glad with song, filled with the trills of birds and with bees; it was a great and holy nuptial celebrated by the light, and in the tree the sap was boiling ardently, and in the animal all was quivering or bleating or song; and in the gnome were merriment and laughter.

"I had come forth through an extinct crater. Before my eyes was an extensive country. With a bound I set myself upon a great tree, a hoary oak. Then I slid down the trunk and found myself near a brook, a river small and clear, where the waters babbled, telling crystaline jokes to themselves. I was thirsty. I wished to drink there. . . . Now, listen better.

"Arms, backs, naked bosoms; lilies, roses, loaves of ivory crowned with cherries; echoes of golden, festive laughter; and there, amid the foam, amid the shattered

[1] An American neologism expressive of the character and performances of the adventurer that gains admission to good society, passes himself off as a person of wealth and position, and exploits the unwary, women in particular.—THE EDITOR.

lymph, beneath the green boughs. . . ."

"Nymphs?"

"No; women!

"I knew which was my grotto. With a blow on the ground, the black sand opened, and I reached my dominion. You —poor, little, young gnomes—have much to learn.

"Under the shoots of some new ferns, I scrambled over the rocks worn by the foamy, babbling current, and her, the beauty, the woman, I seized by the waist with this arm, formerly so muscular. She cried; I beat the earth; we descended. Above was left astonishment; below was the proud, triumphant gnome.

"But, in the depths of my dominion, my queen, my beloved, my beauty, deceived me. When man loves truly, his passion penetrates everything and is capable of passing through the earth.

"She loved a man, and from her prison she wafted him her sighs. They passed through the pores of the terrestrial crust and came to him; and he, loving her also, kissed the roses of a certain garden; and she, the beautiful one, had—I noted it—sudden convulsions in which she stretched her lips, fresh and rosy as the petals of the centifolia. How was it that the two felt thus? Being who I am, I know not.

"I had finished my work one day: a great pile of diamonds. The earth opened its cracks of granite like thirsty lips, awaiting the brilliant shivering of the rich crystal. Finally, tired, I struck a hammer blow that burst a rock; and I went to sleep.

"I awakened after a little, at hearing something like a moan.

"From her couch, from her mansion, richer and more luminous than those of all the queens of the Orient, had flown, fugitive, desperate, my beloved, the stolen woman. Ah! She, minded to flee through the hole opened by my club of granite, and naked and beautiful, tore her body—white and soft as if of orange-blossom and marble and rose—upon the edges of the broken diamonds. Her sides, wounded, jutted blood; her plaints moved even to tears. Oh, agony!

"I awakened, took her in my arms, gave her my most ardent kisses; but the blood flowed, flooding the spot, and the great diamantine mass was dyed red. It seemed to me that I felt, as I gave her a kiss, a perfume issue from that burning mouth: the soul; the body became inert.

"When our great patriarch, the centenarian demigod of the bowels of the earth, passed thereby, he found that multitude of ruddy diamonds."

The gnomes, very grave, arose.

They examined more nearly the false stone, the workmanship of the savant.

"Look; it has no facets!"

"It shines palely!"

"It is round like a beetle's breastplate!"

In a flurry, one here, another there, they darted to tear from the walls pieces of arabesque, rubies large as oranges, red and sparkling like diamonds turned to blood; and they said:

"Behold, ours, O Mother Earth!"

And they tossed into the air the gigantic, shining stones, and they laughed.

Afterward they took the false ruby, crushed it to pieces and tossed the fragments with terrible disdain into a hole that opened below on a very old charred forest.

Puck was already flying abroad, in the glimmering of the new-born dawn, toward a meadow in flower; and he murmured—always with his roseate smile: "Earth! . . . Woman! . . ."

For thou, O Mother Earth! art great, fecund, of an inextinguishable and sacred bosom; and from thy brown womb spring the sap of the stout trunks and gold and diamantine water and the chaste fleur-de-lis. The pure, the strong, the unfalsifiable! And thou, woman, art spirit and flesh, all love!

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA
THE MAN AND HIS LITERARY INFLUENCE

BY

RAFAEL A. ESTÉNGER

Silva, gifted as he was—bold, original, a master of versification—has exerted no little influence upon the Spanish poetry of the last forty years, particularly in America. By bringing us close to his person and by giving us an insight into his spirit and inner life, the author of the following sketch, which deals especially with the morbid aspects of the poet's personality, not only explains much that was not clear, but he also shears away legendary elements and makes the man stand revealed in his natural human lineaments.—*The Editor.*

SILVA was born in 1860. It was in Bogotá—a city in the neighborhood of which, as an eternal pilgrim, flows the turbulent gravity of the legendary Tequendama—where was rocked his cradle, about which, as in the ingenuous juvenile stories, were gathered the fairies to offer him the marvel of their supreme gift: the incomparable gift of making all men, under the spell of his voice, feel and weep before the sonorous gamut of his immortal stanzas.

It is said that Silva was possessed of a beauty enchantingly manly. The physical beauty of Goethe, of Byron, of Poe, was a fact that attracted great attention and that caused Rubén Darío to interrogate: "Apollo, the maned and lyric numen, is he not the prototype of manly beauty?" Apollonic also was the singer of the *Nocturnos*.[1] Very early he gave evidence of his unquestionable talent. An intoxication with sad literature was the stimulus that spurred his fancy from the first years of his dolorous youth. They say his father was a man of letters and a friend of artists and scholars. The air breathed by Silva in those days was therefore not merely somewhat, but perhaps excessively, literary. So he beheld in books his life's only solace.

He was not, as has been remarked on numerous occasions, a genuine child wrapped up in the cavilings and tender melancholies of the poet. Although he seems to have been bent on having it otherwise, when he wrote poems on childish subjects, he used childhood as a mere literary recourse. The poet, and in general the artist, ought not always to tell us the truth. Oscar Wilde said, in a sprightly phrase: "The aim of art is not pure truth, but complex beauty;" and elsewhere he confessed: "To lie beautifully is an art. To tell the truth is to work in harmony with nature."

As Manuel Toussaint[2] said:

> Silva adolescent was not different from Silva the child, except that he became more confirmed in his disquietudes and that he knew better how to understand them and to discourse upon them. He grew more refinedly skeptical, his personality became accentuated, his intelligence broadened, and, along with it, his longings aquired disproportionate depths. As an inevitable result, came shock with his environment, the surrounding lack of comprehension and the surrounding littlenesses. One of the distinctive traits of those that live in disaccord with their time and their world is that of turning their gaze, under the impulse to devote themselves to study, toward the tracks left by the centuries in their swift flight over the earth.

An unquestionable proof of these assertions, which reflect the hard and lamentable reality, is to be seen in the verses in which he speaks to us, with the sweetness of a murmur, of things ennobled by the sad witchery of the years.

[1]The *Nocturnos*, four in number, of varied versification, are as follows: *Nocturno* I contains one stanza of eleven verses, and one of twenty-two; *Nocturno* II, twenty-one; *Nocturno* III, one stanza of twenty-two, and one of thirty-two; *Nocturno* IV, one stanza of twenty. *Nocturno* III has been translated into English verse by Mr. Thomas Walsh and published in his *Hispanic Anthology*, one of the *Hispanic Notes and Monographs* of the Hispanic Society of America, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1920.—THE EDITOR.

[2]We are inclined to question whether this be not a misprint for Marcel Toussaint.—THE EDITOR.

Silva was an unyielding being, a rebel, a noncomformist; and what was still more: his was a temperament excessively concerned with the beyond. It is said that he had a certain craving for opulence, perhaps in search of other emotions; but the truth is that Silva could not become reconciled to his sadnesses and his struggles. There are spirits that find the world too narrow for their ambitions; they regard themselves as too much alone, alone in love and in misfortune, in the presence of the absurd indifference of the most lamentable lack of comprehension. No one, like Hauptmann in *The Solitary Soul*, has revealed the horrible conflict of select souls in cruel and vulgar surroundings; and of this solitude, the haughtiest and bitterest, the sweet dreamer of *Don Juan de Covadonga*[3] was the victim.

In an indisputable manner, José Asunción Silva has been able by his work gradually to influence the development, not merely of Spanish-American literature, but also of a personality as distinguished as that of the author of *Nuevas castellanas*. Pedro Henríquez Ureña pointed it out when he said, in *Horas de estudio*, referring to the personality of Gabriel y Galán, that there are to be found, in the work of the latter, reminiscences of the Argentine Almafuerte[4] and still more of the work of José Asunción Silva.

To prove it, although Pedro Henríquez Ureña did so at greater length, suffice some fragments from Gabriel y Galán's *Nocturno montañés*, since it is not necessary to recall the verses of Silva:

'Twas a night of enervating opulences
And of abysmal, mystical tendernesses;
A night when the earth was given up to dalliance
Under the sweet breath of the purified heavens.
A night of delightfulness to the senses
Depurated by the soul's chaste osculations.

. . . . . .

And on the canvas of the infinite heavens
And in the earth's aromatic, tranquil forests
The titillating stars are now appearing,
And now appearing are the fantastic fire-flies.[5]

In *Horas de estudio*, are other verses of Gabriel y Galán's that complete the evidence of Silva's influence on the Spanish poet's verses. It is sufficient for us to say that not only certain phrases, but also the same syllabic unity of Silva's *Nocturno* appear, although in another form, in the dodecasyllables of the *Nocturno montañés*. "José Asunción Silva, in his most celebrated *Nocturno*, constructed, upon a syllabic basis, verses that oscillate between four and twenty-four syllables." If we analyze the metrical structure of the *Nocturno montañés*, we shall find that the Spanish lyric formed dodecasyllables divided into disyllabic bases, which are also those most used by Gabriel y Galán in *Las canciones de la noche*.

Nevertheless, Silva's fame, which very soon extended beyond the native frontiers, was not due to his own will. Genius—I do not use this word in its highest sense—does not have to will to be known: unjustifiable and silly, or at least, vainglorious, is the hunger for self-exhibition that tortures rimesters. They think that by means of it they will achieve the assured consecration of their renown, and it is not so. There is in humanity a sentiment of innate justice; and it is sufficient to disdain, more or less tardily, the stupid or mean work of those—the eternal Icaruses of literature—that desire to soar upon the wings of wax that mutual flattery is wont

[3] A poem of three stanzas of unequal length.—THE EDITOR.

[4] The pseudonym of Pedro Palacios: he was born in San Justo, in the province of Buenos Aires, May 13, 1854, and he died about two years ago; he not only educated himself, but he also devoted much of his time and thought to the education of others; a radical and somewhat of a mystic, he lived a life of comparative isolation and solitude; his poetry has exerted an unquestioned influence on the literature and general thought of his people; among his poems may be mentioned the following: *Milongas clásicas* (twenty-four pages long in Barreda's anthology entitled *Nuestro Parnaso*); *Cantar de cantares* (four pages); *El misionero* (twenty-one pages); his apostrophe to the kaiser, written not long before the poet's death, was one of the ablest and most scathing arraignments uttered during the war.—THE EDITOR.

[5] *Una noche de opulencias enervantes*
Y de místicas ternuras abismáticas;
Una noche de lujurias en la tierra
Por aliento de los cielos depuradas,
Una noche de deleites del sentido
Depurado por los ósculos del alma.
Y en el lienzo de los cielos infinitos,
Y en las selvas de la tierra perfumadas
Van surgiendo las estrellas titilantes,
Van surgiendo las luciérnagas fantásticas

[5] English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

to lend them. Silva, as one that was sincerely inadaptable, never published his verses, except, every now and then, at the request of his friends. However, his manuscript compositions were passed around from hand to hand. It was decided at last to publish an edition of his verses; but the wreck of *L'Amérique* in 1895 compelled him to desist from the ideal. In the catastrophe of *L'Amérique,* almost the whole of Silva's output was absolutely lost: his *Cuentos negros,* of which it has been said that they were worthy of Edgar Poe; the larger part of his *Libro de versos;* and some novels and several other works. José Asunción Silva himself has confessed:

> I myself am the one that can entertain the fewest illusions regarding the artistic value of my works.

His life possessed the melancholy sadness of a novel of misfortunes. Misfortunes were heaped upon his anguished heart. In the pages of the history of his life, nevertheless, abounds a multitude of features of which we are ignorant. To him were attributed love passages with his sister, as occurred a hundred years or so before with the Viscount de Chateaubriand; but this, as is proper, we shall discuss in detail. It is said of don Ricardo Silva, the poet's father, that he had left at death a multitude of debts, which he had been able to carry only by means of his irreproachable credit. Sanín Cano has informed us that the son believed it to be necessary, out of respect for the memory of his father, to give guaranties to the creditors and to continue the business of don Ricardo until he might be able to restore the good name of the house. This evidently gravely warped Silva's sentimental structure. To his sorrow were added at that moment the circumstances of the economic crisis that shook well established fortunes and reduced artificial combinations of credit to dust.

During the last years of his life, a profound pessimism was reflected in his face. Entirely in harmony with those adorable depths of his verse, the portrait of José Asunción Silva awakens an intense emotion of mystery and of peace. His eyes—the unfathomable eyes of the dreamer—possessed I know not what unknown depths of sublimity; his face was covered with a beard that, because of its amplitude, made one think of that of don Ramón del Valle Inclán. His figure must have had, to judge by the photograph, the austerity of a reflective and solitary monk that might live in a perpetual dream of unreal chimeras. In recalling his painful image, I may affirm what Roḍó said to us in one of his admirable passages:

> Even in the flesh, even in the countenance, may remain the trace of the mask that the poet wore during his inspiration and that remained in an enduring form. Something learned from the bitter expression of the wicked, from contact with the "eternal sorrow," there is, perhaps, in that severe brow and those chiseled lips and that gaunt face that finds a wreath of laurel near the shade of Virgil.

REGARDING THE LEGENDS

Although the poet's personality obscured other aspects of his work, the irreparable loss of *Cuentos negros* in the wreck of *L'Amérique* was not sufficient to blot out the memory of his style as a prose writer. If proof be wanted, a single fragment would be sufficient: that which is preserved in his celebrated novel *De sobremesa.* Around it have grown up the inconsistent vagaries of the legendary for it is inevitable and easy that about poets of genius there should gather fancies crystallized into legends. There exist, besides, the comments of ingenuous readers that imagine they behold the artist, as it were through lenses, in all his production. Hence the old custom of finding in novels, at least, an invariable trait of the author's life. It is necessary to abandon this method as a means of historical investigation, because it is common for a novelist, for instance, to take himself as a model for his work, and, nevertheless, misrepresent a thousand times his own psychology, in order to make the personage more interesting.

I do not understand the reason why Tablada, in his fugitive remarks upon Silva's novel, should necessarily behold a symbol of the poet's life in that regarding which no one can know; for we can not say whether or not Silva was writing under the impulse of mere fancy. Let us grant even more—that Maupas-

sant's madness inspired him one day, terrified by the tenacious idea that he also would die mad—and even so, it would not be enough to assure us that Silva lives in all his work, as in the breviary of confessions, under the disguise simply of the chief character of a novel? Nevertheless, José Juan Tablada wrote:

> Asunción Silva was not one of the chastest of the chaste—as Unamuno holds—with the scruples of a "sissy," in spite of the fact that so good an authority as Sanín Cano tells us that the poet *was neither sensual nor carnal, sober words that he detested.*

José Juan Tablada is an admirable poet, but there is no serenity or reflection in his critical analysis. Guided by the mission of the novelist—which is not that of the historian—Silva might copy many passions alien to his *ego*, and so give a heavy penciling of lust or of love, without thereby showing himself to be lecherous. Dostoyevsky did not assassinate an old woman; but who would deny the formidable exactitude of his psychologic penetration in *Crime and Punishment?* Silva's verses are wont to contain very refined, very subtile, reminiscences of sexual passion, as when he speaks, in one of his *Nocturnos*, of the "naked darling." This is not, however—because of its infrequency—a sufficient store of sexualism to lead us to suspect lechery in him.

Around Silva, as by the art of a miracle, strange legends flourished with distressing fecundity. It might be said that Silva is girt about, in the popular imagination, with an attractive aureola of mystery. Some have claimed—by analyzing his *Nocturnos*—to find in them unnatural and iniquitous amours. Sanín Cano has said, although attempting to discredit the legend, that it is indeed true that Silva promenaded arm in arm with his sister beneath the sad anemia of the moon, and that he wrote the *Nocturno*, when his sister was dead, stricken by the impression produced by the memory of her.

It is true that Sanín Cano does contribute to awaken suspicions, even when he held the contrary: if Silva wrote his celebrated *Nocturno*, as the Bogotan critic seems to assert, a prey to the memory of his sister, there is in the verses of the *Nocturno* sufficient sensualism, although refined and subtile, to afford ground for the deduction that Silva *loved* his sister. This is, however, an indication so meager and so confused, because of its improbability, that it seems even unjust to base round affirmations upon it; and even more when this legend originated merely from a drawing used to illustrate the *Nocturno*, in which the artist insinuated, perhaps through humorous caprice, along with the likeness of the poet, the figure of a woman in which some recognized Silva's sister.

However, the series of legends that surrounds the sad dreamer does not end here: there are others, besides, and they are the ones that have gathered about his death.

Nevertheless, it was neither love nor d'Annunzio's novel nor the wreck of *L'Amérique;* no: it was naught of this that one day impelled the poet, when, as Unamuno says,

> making a pretext of consulting about some illness, he made the physician draw upon his inner clothing the heart by which he lived and by which he was to die. He planted a bullet in it. The night before, he read, according to his wont, in bed. He left his book open, as if to continue reading. It was on a Sunday morning; his family, in the meanwhile, attended the religious services of the Catholic worship, to plead for the living and the dead.

Why all this? In reality, it is to be supposed that Silva ended his life on account of a question of money. It is sad enough to think that it was not because of his verses lost in the shipwreck nor on account of d'Annunzio's influence, as has been said, nor on account of love intrigues. The instinct that always surrounds the great with legends can not understand that Silva was a gentleman that, as a consequence of his financial disasters, decided to kill himself. Silva could not forget that he was a poet, and even in death he was in reality an artist. It is clear that in the suicide of the poet, who might have had a place, because of his spirit and his work, among *Los raros* of Darío, his strange and misanthropic character exerted an influence.

His was a sentimental soul beneath the flesh of a dandy.[6] "A misanthropic

[6] English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

dandy," Pedro Emilio Coll has termed him in an apt phrase.

> He was tall and pale; he dressed in black, his cane in one hand, his gloves in the other, a gardenia in a button-hole; and he went perfumed with opopanax, hair shining: a philosopher decked out like a popinjay.

Thus, in a synthetic manner, Pedro Emilio Coll drew a vivid picture of the one that was, there in Caracas, his intimate friend, and he tells how Silva had, in a corner of his room in the hotel, a shining row of ten pairs of shoes, and into the mouth of Silva he puts these words:

> I can not live without friends, and shoes win me the regard of many excellent persons. The brilliancy of one's boots, believe me, is more important than that of one's ideas. A pair of pumps of enameled leather and a white shirt: there you have a man out and out, sure to win his way in society.

It is true that Silva searched, with intense psychological penetration, the idiosyncrasies of men! However, the state of profound economic crisis, as Sanín Cano recognizes, through which he passed, with his father's death, did not permit in Silva either waste or luxury. He was not born for a merchant; the businesses he inherited from his father were destined to inevitable failure. Thus he united to his moral sufferings and his inherent melancholy, the misery of poverty. He knew that neither talent nor honor much availed the poor. Silva, who was aware of the brutal inconsistencies and injustices of men, found no other remedy, and he made his departure from the world, as Valencia would say, "drunk with the bitter wine with which pain inebriates."

THE POET

I do not belong to those that attempt, guided by the injustice of puerile observations, to exhibit Silva as an initiator of modernism. He was—it may not be doubted—a wise and a gifted continuator, and even more: the first of all in chronological order. The year 1888 is indicated as the date of the advent of the modernistic revolution, because in that year Darío published his first edition of *Azul*, and, almost simultaneously, there was revealed in México, in the pages of the *Revista Azul*, the marvelous word of Gutiérrez Nájera,[7] and in Cuba, Casal [8] and José Marti.[9]

Silva's modernistic verses, it is now known, were born after 1888, when Casal had already published the verses that in their major part continued the pages of *Nieve* (1890). Martí dazzled by the modern structure of his prose, and, for sometime before, the great Gutiérrez Nájera had been filigreeing in México—for he was also a precursor. Referring to a part of *Azul*, Rubén himself confessed:

> Such pictorial transpositions must have been followed by the great and admirable Colombian José Asunción Silva, and this, chronologically, resolves the doubt, expressed by some as to whether the productions of the author of *Nocturno* were previous to our reform.

Great analogies exist between Silva and Julián del Casal in temperament and in literary tendencies. A misanthrope and dreamer, Silva's verses, like those of Casal, were nourished on tears and blood; both gazed on life as but an enormous upland moor beset with brambles, beneath an indifferent and solitary sky. They were united, however, by another close tie: in the anarchism of the new literary orientation, both were modernists rather by the

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[7]Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera: a distinguished poet, born in the city of México, December 22, 1859, died there on February 3, 1895. He wrote under the name of "El Duque Job;" among his poems may be mentioned: *Odas muertas; Non omnis moriar; Versos de álbum; A Salvador Díaz Mirón; México y Francia; La duquesa Job; Para entonces; Acuérdate de mí; Calicot; Mariposas; Para el corpiño;* and *Mis enlutadas.*—THE EDITOR.

[8]Julián del Casal: a noted Cuban poet (1863–93).—THE EDITOR.

[9]José Martí, "the apostle of Cuban independence," was born in Habana, in 1853; he took part in the famous revolutionary struggle of 1868, and he was imprisoned and banished in 1869; deported to Spain, he studied law and afterward went to México, and then to Guatemala, where he became a professor of literature; after the peace of Zanjón, he returned to Habana and achieved a reputation as an orator; he was deported to Spain again, however, in 1879, but he escaped and renewed his revolutionary activity; he organized *juntas* in Florida, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica and Cuba; and, in 1894, he had completed a plan for an expedition to, and risings in, Cuba; he was one of the leaders of the Cuban struggle which terminated in the intervention of the United States in behalf of Cuba, in 1898, although he was denied the privilege of seeing his country freed, being killed in the battle of Dos Ríos, in 1895.—THE EDITOR.

novelty of their ideas than by the new rhythm of their verses.

Silva and Casal used new metrical units; but they did it in a very sober and measured way, although occasionally, as in the marvelous instance of the *Nocturno*, Silva's metrification assumed cadences and tones thitherto unknown. It is clear that they necessarily had to be innovators of expression as well: to modes of expression, old or new, belong, respectively, brilliant or dull thoughts. It would have been to no purpose to break the old patterns of the archaic metrification of the *hendecasyllabists*, if it had been necessary to retain the *frases-clichés* of those that were not able, perhaps because of inescapable atavism, to speak of the dawn without appealing to the phrase "the rubicund Phoebus that begins to be born behind the mountains," or that invariably qualify genius as sovereign, and pain as profound. As among the grounds that support the likeness between Casal and Silva, it ought to be understood that the two, by the kinship of temperament that I have already pointed out, were recondite poets, and what is more: poets of pain and death.

Nevertheless, José Asunción Silva was more than Casal a poet of mystery. Never had Spanish America, at any of its literary stages, a poet who breathed more of a sense of mystery—whether the mystery of the future or that of death—than Silva. Hence, in many of his poems, whether he speaks of death or not, the predominant note of the unknown stands out. In the verses dedicated to infancy, even the themes in which it would seem that the joy of spring ought to live, Silva lays stress on bitter interrogation and profound uncertainty. So it is in *Crisálidas*, in which he is disquieted over the souls that abandon their prisons of flesh; and in the stanzas in which the grandmother asks herself about the future of her grandchild, about the days of anguish and disillusion that the child will spend; and she sings with melancholy the sweet monotony of *Los maderos de San Juan*. *Infancia* and *Crepúsculo*, among Silva's verses on childish themes that have been preserved, are two vigorous efforts. In *Infancia*, there is a clear realistic placidity, as in the pictures of Velázquez, and there are shadows after the style of Rembrandt in the evocations of *Crepúsculo*. They are looks of love toward childhood, which in him was nothing more—as an inevitable product of his temperament and environment—than the awakening of all his disquietudes and sorrows.

In many of Silva's compositions, such as, for example, *Al pie de la estatua*, the indispensable reminiscence of the romantics of the last hour, with their high-sounding phrases, is revealed in an unexpected manner. I think, however, in regard to his celebrated *Nocturno*—not to cite other examples—that don Miguel de Unamuno, the master of paradox, has rightly said: "What says Silva? It can not be said that Silva says anything; Silva sings. And what does he sing? Here is a question that it is not easy to answer at once. Silva sings like a bird, but like a sad bird, one that feels the coming of death at the hour when the sun sets." It is to be believed that "the music of Silva is the music of wings." However, Unamuno adds properly: "When Silva let his hand move over the paper at the impulse of feeling, but not when he restrained it, with his gaze fixed on his technic—a technic alien and artificial—he wrote verses like those paired Alexandrines of *Un poema*."

Silva loved, as a recondite poet, the indefinable and rare poetry of old things: those things enchantingly abandoned, which at times, "when, unquiet, they see them and feel them," tell to men,

> Almost in the ear, some rare old story
> That has the obscurity of a spider-web,
> And sound of lute and suavity of satin.[10]

Therefore he, the sad and hopeless dreamer, sweetly confesses, with that music of wings that Unamuno found in him:

The vital past to dreams imparts the perfume
Of rare old essences, rich and fantastic,
And leads us back to spots of sweet allurement
In distant ages, different and better;
Therefore to all the race of dreaming poets
Are counted very pleasant, dear and dulcet
Chronicles, histories and old wives' stories,

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[10] *Casi al oído, alguna rara historia*
Que tiene obscuridad de telarañas,
Son de laúd y suavidad de raso.

And curious forms and styles and dimming colors,
And worlds of odd and mystical suggestion
And the pervading perfumes of things ancient![11]

In contemplating the firmament studded with stars that gaze down upon us with their remote pupils, at times there come to my memory the verses in which Silva chides them:

O stars, O lights, so silent, pensive!
O stars, you with unsteady pupils!
Why are you mute, if you are living?
Why do you shine, if you are dead?[12]

Silva did not interrogate the stars alone. Maddened by his eternal desire to know the unknowable, and symbolized by one of his personages, he asked of the earth the supreme why of our life, and, like him, he affirmed disconsolately:

And the earth, as evermore, cold and froward and silent,
To the great lyrical poet answered nothing at all![13]

It is to be observed that Silva, perhaps in order to communicate a greater sensation of mystery, preferred the night as the scene of his complaints. So, besides his *Nocturnos*, in *Luz de luna*, *Serenata* and *Midnight Dreams*,[14] he gives a perfect and admirable sensation of night, with processions of shadows and visions. Silva has said:

I saw faces that the tomb has, since long ago, been hiding,
I heard voices heard already; when? I can not remember![15]

So too, as in these visions of mystery, nostalgia and death, Silva rambles on about things. It might be said that he had a sense of the supersensible. He was able, as were few, to translate the language of things, and especially of things remote and lost. He had ghastly nightmares, like the idea of his *Estrellas fijas*, in which he speaks to us of certain eyes that, when they were decomposing in the grave, would see the eyes of the loved woman, standing out in the impenetrable shadow. He tells us that when Jesus awakened Lazarus, Lazarus, after rising, "touched, beheld, felt, gave a cry and wept for joy." Four moons later, in the ancient burial ground,

Lazarus was lingering alone and sobbing,
And envying the dead![16]

To these misanthropic poems—in which sorrow is not ironical, as in his *Gotas amargas*—belong the *Nocturnos*. In them sorrow is a tear and a sigh, the vagueness of dreams and of sadness that he crystallizes in verses, but in verses with the softness of petals and of murmurs, with the music of wings, where is hardly felt aught save a profound sense of mystery. In them, all is recounted with the infinite sweetness of the sad. Narration is made *sotto voce*, very low, quite in the ear:

Poet! in passing,
The final kiss![17]

When Edgar Allan Poe, with the patience of an orfever, assembled the elements that were to constitute his poem of *The Raven*, he reasoned with the wisdom of genius: death is what most interests humanity, and the death of a beautiful woman—which no one can express like her lover—is the most poetic subject in the world. It might be said that Silva, in conceiving the best of his *Nocturnos*, remembered Poe's method of composition and gathered in his poems the same primitive elements that compose *The Raven*. Indeed, Silva, by temperament and art, was a brother of

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[11] *Él pasdo perfuma los ensueños*
Con esencias fantásticas y añejas,
Y nos lleva a lugares halagüeños,
En épocas distintas y mejores;
Por eso a los poetas soñadores,
Les son dulces, gratísimas y caras,
Las crónicas, historias y consejas,
Las formas, los estilos, los colores,
Las sugestiones místicas y raras
Y los perfumes de las cosas viejas!

[12] *¡Estrellas, luces pensativas!*
¡Estrellas, pupilas inciertas!
¿Por qué calláis si estáis vivas?
¿Por qué alumbráis si estáis muertas?

[13] *¡La tierra, como siempre, displicente y callada,*
Al gran poeta lírico no le contestó nada!

[14] The title is in English.—THE EDITOR.

[15] *¡Ví caras que la tumba desde hace tiempo esconde,*
Y oí voces oídas ya no recuerdo dónde!

[16] *¡Lázaro estaba, sollozando a solas,*
Y envidiando a los muertos!

[17] *¡Poeta! Di paso*
El último beso. . . .

Poe's, that nightingale born in noisy, stony-hearted New York.[18]

Sadder still, however, more disconsolate, more dolorous, is his *Día de difuntos*. There Silva is ironical, laughing at martyrdom and death, because he knew that, sooner or later, a bit of oblivion comes to all sorrows. There is nothing sadder than a poor sentimentalist, worn out with grief, when he imparts to his face the contraction of a smile of mockery. Let *Gotas amargas* say whether or not this be true. This scientific poetry of Silva's—in which he, with the serenity of a clinician, coolly appraises sufferings and passions—produces a spiritual frigidity in our souls. To the dreamer of *El mal del siglo*, who suffers the pangs of Werther, of Rolla, of Manfred and Leopardi, who regards Schopenhauer as his master, and a sense of loathing as normal, the doctor responds:

> This is a question of regimen;
> Early in the morning go walking;
> Sleep long; take a bath;
> Drink well; eat well; and take good care of yourself;
> What ails you is that you are hungry![19]

In none of these compositions, however, as in *Psicopatía*, did he reason with us in a franker or sadder manner—but, of course, with sincere pessimism—upon the sweet felicity of ignorance. He did not dream that there would be a day, radiant and happy beyond any other, in which the madman of La Mancha would be looked upon as a god. In *Futura*, he prophesied that in the twenty-fifth century, amid applause, music and discourses, they would unveil the statue of Sancho Panza as master and king of men; but never, as in his *Psicopatía*, was Silva's analysis more complex and reasoned. While the young philosopher meditates, beneath the azure glories of the smiling heavens, the doctor's daughter beholds him with a little pity. She asks her father about this young man's illness, and the physician replies that it is a serious case: he suffers from an illness, that of thinking, which attacks, fortunately, very few. The former governments, very wisely, prevented this disease from being propagated. To-day they do the contrary: by founding libraries, they more diffuse that lamentable epidemic of intellectualism, from which some, by devoting themselves to the labors of a purely material character, succeed in curing themselves completely. However, that reflective youth, who parades his deep melancholies of a thinker, while the sky is blue and souls are merry, is a lost case.

> He will not be cured until the hour
> In which he shall sleep untroubled
> Within the narrow tomb's chill portals,
> Far from the world and its life of folly,
> In a black coffin of four smooth timbers,
> With a mound of earth between his gaping jaws.[20]

At first, as affirmed by Sanín Cano, who was ignorant whether the change was made by Silva himself, these verses terminated thus:

> With a handful of lime in his mouth.[21]

The picture of *Don Juan de Covadonga* is the living disquietude of one who sees no repose, wearied with the pleasures of earth, not even in the austere penumbra of the monastery, and who, desperate, then betakes himself to the abode that was not even at length a back eddy of comfort:

> As he went his way by the black God's-acre,
> Where was prolonged the shadowy monastery,
> Craving the quietude of the departed,
> For the first time by pent tears were moistened
> The still eyes of don Juan de Covadonga.[22]

HIS TOMB

One night, in mad and cosmopolitan Habana, surrounded by friends in an elegant restaurant, a distinguished writer

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[18] As we know, however, Poe was born in Boston.—THE EDITOR.

[19] *Eso es cuestión de régimen; camine*
De mañanita; duerma largo; bañese;
Beba bien; coma bien; cuídese mucho;
¡Lo que usted tiene es hambre!

[20] *¡Y no se curará hasta el día*
En que duerma a sus anchas
En una angosta sepultura fría,
Lejos del mundo y de la vida loca,
Entre un negro ataúd de cuatro planchas,
Con un montón de tierra entre la boca!

[21] *Con un puño de cal entre la boca.*

[22] *Y al salir por el negro camposanto,*
En que el convento obscuro se prolonga,
Ansiando la quietud de los que fueron,
Por la primera vez se humedecieron
Los ojos de don Juan de Covadonga

was speaking of his recent visit to South America. When I asked him, "Is it true that you were in Bogotá?" he answered disconsolately:

"Yes, señor. There, religious sentiment is not merely intransigent, but fanatical. On their knees, with a desire to secure a miracle of God, they climb the steeps of the rocky Monserrate. This is a fatal inheritance from our poor Spanish colonization. Besides, that you may form an idea of the fanaticism that exists, I am going to tell you something interesting, which will probably be the subject of one of my articles. The first visit I made in Bogotá was to the tomb of the first Colombian poet. His tomb is very humble. It is in the cemetery of the suicides, for the clergy have not been minded to pardon him: Silva committed the formidable crime of leaving the world—weary of its uncertainties and anguish—by opening, with his own hands, the doors of the beyond."

"But . . . can it be possible?" said some one.

"Listen," replied the traveler: "in Colombia there does not exist a park or a street or a single monument that recalls the memory of the illustrious dreamer. An effort has been made on several occasions to chisel his bust in marble. The clergy, however, are not inclined to pardon Silva for having committed suicide."

"Something of this," I answered, "has been related by Julio Flórez," and I recalled in silence:

Why should we not flee from the field of existence
When destiny wounds us, filled with spite, and wanton,
And we are chilled with the ice of impotency?
Thou didst well to slay thyself. Serve as enrichment
And fecundate the earth. If some be unkindly
Toward thee, it matters not: thou hast my forgiveness![23]

[23] *¡Cómo no huir del campo de la existencia*
Cuando el hado nos hiere, lleno de encono,
Y sentimos el hielo de la impotencia!
¡Bien hiciste en matarte! Sirve de abono
Y a la tierra fecunda. . . . Si no hay clemencia
Para ti, nada importa: ¡yo te perdono!

IN SEARCH OF A NEW VOLCANO

BY

RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ PERALTA

An article that contains minutiae of "hours of exercise"—to use Professor Tyndall's felicitous phrase of euphemism—and investigations among the mountains and hills of Costa Rica; of special interest to students of geography, topography and regional customs.—*The Editor.*

IT WAS nine o'clock on the morning of February 5, 1915. For two days we had been on the summit of the volcano of Poás—Professor don J. Fidel Tristán, the botanist, don Otón Jiménez and I—observing the great activity of the volcano, which had begun its discharges on October 8, 1914, with a great eruption of mud, when suddenly I saw rise from a point of the cordillera that stretched away to the northwest a column, apparently of mud and steam. I understood immediately that it must be a volcanic eruption, and I communicated my opinion to my companions, who joined me in watching, with the hope that the phenomenon would be repeated. Our efforts were not in vain, for a few moments after the observation that I had made we saw a great black column, at the same point and like the former one. The phenomenon was again repeated, but, instead of one column, there were three similar columns. A little while later the cordillera became covered with clouds, and it was impossible to make further observations.

It was logical to think of the existence of a new volcano in the region of Palmira, which, because of the nature of its eruptions, ought to resemble the volcano of Poás. My readers will therefore see how, after a hard journey in company with don José de Peralta, José Román and the guides, Manuel and Jesús Marín, the mystery was cleared up.

THE JOURNEY

On March 22, 1915, we set out from Naranjo in the direction of Palmira Sur, where we were to take guides to continue the journey. The road that connects this town with the neighboring villages is to be praised for its good condition. An easy grade rises gradually to a considerable height, as was shown by observations taken at different points. As a result of this, one constantly enjoys a beautiful panorama and a refreshing temperature, as also a gradual change in the crops and vegetation, since the cereals disappear almost entirely in the higher regions of the cordillera, being replaced by magnificent pasture-lands that, because of their situation, possess one of the best climates of the country.

At midday we arrived at Zarcero, a picturesque town, the center of an active commerce and one of the most elevated cities of the republic. After having supplied ourselves with provisions, we continued the journey, arriving in a little less than half an hour at Palmira Sur, a hamlet situated, according to my aneroid, at 1991 meters above the level of the sea, and which, as is natural, enjoys a magnificent climate and reminds one, in general, of a Swiss village. In this region, there predominate the cattle *haciendas* that, because of their situation and the abundance of pasturage, yield a good return and constitute an important center of the cattle industry.

Upon our arrival, they informed us that the guides had gone on to the *hacienda* of Doctor Fallas, and that it would be better for us to continue our journey to that place. As soon as we had made inquiries regarding the state of the road and the distance that we must still travel, we decided to set out, as all the reports were favorable. The road ends at the *hacienda* of Santa Clara, to continue afterward in the form of a trail, which ascends along one of the foot-hills of the peak of Estanislao to the ranch of the *hacienda* of Doctor Fallas, where the river Aguas Zarcas has its head-

waters. This trail, which has a length of about three kilometers, was in a very bad condition; for, without exaggerating, it may be said that it had become a bog that made it impassable. It cost the author of these lines and his companions a severe experience of more than four hours to make the trip, owing to the darkness of the night.

The thousand happenings that occurred to us would make an interminable story, for, night having overtaken us, we had to make torches in order to be able to continue the journey. We used for this purpose a part of our inner clothing, which was what we had nearest at hand, or rather, the only thing at our command. At half after ten at night, hungry and weary—as we had eaten nothing for twelve hours—we reached the ranch.

What must have been the surprise of those people when, late at night, they saw torches and heard the noise of horses! As soon as we made ourselves known, they hastened with kindness to our assistance, marveling that we had been able to come through with our horses and praising us for the performance. We ate abundantly, and, overcome by weariness and the cold, we lay down in the ranch, without any cover and upon an extremely damp floor.

On the following day, I informed myself minutely, by appeal to the guides, Manuel and Jesús Marín, both well acquainted with the remote regions and with all the points of interest. We decided to ascend, the same day, the peak of Estanislao, whose summit is not far from the ranch where we passed the night.

THE PEAK OF ESTANISLAO

The ridge situated north of Palmira Sur is formed by three peaks: the Estanislao and the two peaks of La Legua. The first of them, of regular form, terminates in a sharply conical point. It is the highest of the three. All are covered with vegetation to their summit.

On the morning of March 23, at twenty minutes after nine, we started toward the summit. The exuberant vegetation made it necessary for us to open a trail, a little more than an hour being consumed in reaching the highest point. We walked over the more elevated surface in all directions without finding any vestiges of old craters or anything of great interest. I took the altitude and several bearings across the neighboring peaks. We returned in a little less than an hour, satisfied with our journey and desiring to go on with our explorations.

Throughout the day, we had very bad weather, and this continued until the following day. We were forced to return to Palmira Sur in order to enter the valley of Aguas Zarcas along the head-waters of the river La Vieja, since entrance by way of the region where we were was practically impossible. The laborers of Doctor Fallas also decided to return to their houses, as the bad weather had continued so long and they were not able to work. They did so during the morning. We remained alone—my companions and I—in order to set out at midday.

The return trip was as disastrous as the entrance, since the mishaps and difficulties were no fewer. Not being able to reach Palmira Sur that afternoon, we passed the night in the *hacienda* of Santa Clara, which belongs to don Judas Rojas, who offered us his house.

On the following morning, we continued the journey back to Palmira Sur, a place that was to be our center of operations for several days, in order to make a number of ascensions from that point to the surrounding peaks. Señor don Salustio Camacho placed his house at our disposal, and we accepted his offer with genuine pleasure.

PALMIRA SUR AND THE HILLS OF CAMACHO, TOMÁS AND BARQUERO

The hamlet of Palmira Sur is situated on the terminal spur of the Cordillera Central, at the foot of the hills of Camacho and Barquero, which, with the hill of Tomás, form a small ridge to the south southeast of Palmira Sur. These hills are covered in their greater part with pastures, with only small forests upon their summits, which serve as resting-places for the cattle.

On March 26, we visited the hills of Camacho and Tomás, the ascent of which presented no difficulty. From the brow of the latter, one enjoys a beautiful view

across the Cordillera del Guanacaste, the plains of San Carlos, the Meseta Central and especially the crater of the volcano of Poás. We descended along the southwest slope as far as Zarcero, where we again procured provisions. On the following day, the twenty-seventh, we visited the hill of Barquero, where we encountered nothing worthy of mention. We returned to prepare for our trip of the following day to the valley of Aguas Zarcas.

THE VALLEY OF AGUAS ZARCAS

This beautiful and fertile valley, unknown even to the geographers, extends between the Cordillera de Toro Amarillo, and the peaks of Estanislao, Porvenir and Platanar. Situated at a mean altitude of 1,700 meters above sea level, it is watered by the river Aguas Zarcas and its affluents, which, because of the abundance of their waters, give to it an extraordinary fertility.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, at half after seven, we took the path that leads to the ranch of Germán and that runs first toward the north, descending to the river Tapezco, and then ascends along the skirts of the peak west of La Legua, passing very near its summit and descending sharply to the valley of La Vieja.

We continued along the right bank of the river La Vieja until we crossed one of its affluents, about a kilometer from the ranch of Germán. Then we went on upward toward its head-waters, passing the ranch of Conejo, where we lunched. We crossed the watershed between the valley of La Vieja and that of Aguas Zarcas and descended to the river of that name, on whose right bank is found the ranch of Los Arayas. This ranch was to serve us as a point of departure for our future explorations.

At half after two we reached the ranch, after seven hours of continuous travel, carrying on our backs a pack of more than 25 kilograms.

We arranged the same day to visit the ranch of El Caño, where it was probable that we should pass the night of the following day. After a slight rest, we took the road again. The path follows the bank of the river La Vieja to near its confluence with the Caño Explayado, where the ranch is situated. We returned at five o'clock in the afternoon, filled with enthusiasm over the beautiful vegetation.

THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE CAÑO EXPLAYADO AND THE ANCIENT VOLCANO

At daybreak on the twenty-ninth, we set forth toward the head-waters of the Caño Explayado, which, according to the reports of the guides, were highly interesting. We arrived in an hour and a half at the ranch of El Caño, where we left the packs to continue the journey. The river is about five hundred meters from the ranch. The river is of a yellowish color, due perhaps to the deposits of iron it contains, and with which the stones are covered, this giving to the stream its peculiar aspect. Its waters emit a strong smell of sulphur, and because of the great number of volcanic conglomerates that are to be seen along its banks, I thought it would be in no way strange to find extinct craters about its head-waters.

After going a short distance, we encountered an affluent called El Tigre, whose waters apparently contained the same components as those of the Caño Explayado, but in less proportion. We still continued along the river and we found on its right bank a rock that differed notably from the other rocks in dimensions and composition. Not far from this point is to be found the confluence of the Caño del Carbón with the Caño Explayado, whose waters also carry down mineral substances.

At midday we reached the source of the Caño Explayado, which is formed by three very beautiful springs that burst from a great land-slide, and we began to ascend, in order to gain the summit of the peak known as the Volcán Viejo. I observed that I had not gone too far in supposing the probable existence of extinct craters about the head-waters of the river, as I had before me two great broken craters, one of them to the northeast and the other to the southeast, forming a single mass of vegetation.

I was able to prove that the rock I had found on one of the banks of the river, and that had greatly attracted my atten-

tion, belonged to one of the crateral walls; and I decided, as a consequence, that it had been carried down by the water upon the fracturing of the crater, which very possibly had been submerged by a lake.

The land-slide that we ascended lay upon the eastern wall of the first crater. I observed that other craters had been produced, the origin of which dates from different periods, as the first seemed to be many years old, since it still preserved the remains, to appearance, of solfataras, because of the quantity of free sulphur gathered at divers points. This land-slip was quite similar to the one that exists on the volcano of Irazú, known as the Volcán Nuevo, but it is much smaller. On the latter, appears to have occurred the same thing as on the former; the activity, highly concentrated at the beginning, in the upper region, descending progressively in the lower, there remaining nothing more than a discharge through the cracks of springs of sulphurous anhydrous gas and especially of sulphureted hydrogen.

Toward the upper part of the land-slide, the ascent becomes extremely dangerous, and, although I insisted that we should climb up, my companions made me see the danger to which we should expose ourselves, and then I desisted from my purpose.

As I thought it would be interesting to make a diagram, I did so, with valuable data supplied by the guides, Manuel and Jesús Marín, and with my own observations, locating four craters: three on the slope of Aguas Zarcas and one on the plain of Toro Amarillo, which, according to appearances, is larger. In the former two, the Caño Explayado takes its origin, as we have seen; in the third, the Caño del Carbón; and in the fourth, the river Segundo, an affluent of Toro Amarillo.

This extinct volcano is very interesting. I was not able to study it as I had desired, for lack of time, but I hope to do so on another occasion when I go prepared for the purpose. We returned to the ranch of Los Arayas, after having made a trip of ten hours, almost all the time in the water.

THE PEAK OF EL PLATANAR

This isolated peak forms a truncated cone that at once suggests a volcano. As it was the one that offered the greatest difficulties and, above all, as we expected to find in it the mysterious volcano, called by some La Vieja and by others, Toro Amarillo.

On the thirtieth, filled with hope, we set out for El Platanar. We crossed the Aguas Zarcas and began to climb one of the foot-hills of the peak of El Porvenir. The rank vegetation greatly hampered us in making a trail. Besides, the ascent of the heavy grade of the region greatly fatigued us.

At midday we reached the valley that extends between El Porvenir and El Platanar, and we passed along the head-waters of the river of this name and the river Pez, reaching the foot-hills of the peak at one in the afternoon.

The ascent was difficult; we consumed two long hours in reaching the summit, without finding anything of interest. It may be said, however, that it was a volcano in very remote ages, of which there remain slight vestiges.

The return was accomplished a little more quickly, but, in spite of our efforts that night should not overtake us amid the mountains, we could not avoid it, thus involving ourselves in great difficulties to get out. At eight o'clock we reached the ranch, after thirteen hours of tramping.

THE PEAK OF EL PORVENIR

The necessity of bringing our trip to an end, as our provisions were almost exhausted, decided us to make the ascent of the peak of El Porvenir and continue the same day to Zarcero. We set out at six o'clock on the morning of the thirty-first with our packs and went as far as the ranch of Conejo, where we left them while we made the ascent of the peak.

Although it was an easier grade than that of the peak of El Platanar, not on this account did the ascent fail to be troublesome, for both in the latter and in the former the abundant vegetation offered us many difficulties. In five hours we made the ascent to the highest point, finding nothing more interesting than the enjoyment of a splendid view from the crater of the volcano of Poás and the adjacent cordilleras. We descended rapidly and

went on to Palmira, where we got our horses, and we reached Zarcero at half after nine at night, continuing thence to San José. On April 1, at midnight, we were in Alajuela, and on the following day at eleven o'clock in the morning, we entered the capital.

The region of Palmira was, in former days, eminently volcanic, but there remain to-day only vague remains of the past. The eruptions we observed from the volcano of Poás on February 3 were caused by the volcano of Rincón de la Vieja, as is proven by the señor don J. Fidel Tristán, in his interesting article published in the daily *La Prensa Libre* of April 28, 1915, from which we take the following lines:

Some time ago it was published in *La Información* that señor don Ricardo Fernández Peralta and I had seen from the crater of the volcano of Poás, simultaneously with a very considerable eruption, another in the remote ranges that can be made out toward the northwest of the southern edge of this crater. This phenomenon occurred on the morning of February 5, at eight minutes after eight, the same occurrence being repeated twice without a concomitant eruption.

Inasmuch as all the elevations that form the termination of the Cordillera de Tilarán, were only slightly known, from the geographical and orological point of view, and as people have spoken with much insistence for some time of other active volcanoes—"Cacho Negro" and "La Vieja"—my companion, the señor Fernández Peralta, resolved to make a trip to all the doubtful regions for the purpose of obtaining more precise data.

The señor Fernández Peralta discovered several very old craters, and, in one of them, several solfataras now extinct, evidently of very recent formation, but he did not discover any active crater. The phenomenon we witnessed from the Poás remained then without explanation. In my character as secretary of the Centro de Estudios Sismológicos, I addressed a communication to the governor of the province of Guanacaste, in which I asked him the state of the volcanoes of the north.

The governor had the kindness to send the following telegram:

Secretary of the Centro de Estudios Sismológicos;

The Señor Atiliano de la O. states that, about the beginning of February or the end of January last, ashes fell in the quarter of Quebrada Grande, situated in the foot-hills of the cordillera between the volcanoes of Rincón de la Vieja and Orosí but no one has seen whence issued the eruptions.

F. Mayorga R., Governor.

The date of our observation—February 5—agrees with the fall of ashes upon a point situated between the volcanoes of La Vieja and Orosí. The phenomenon therefore must be attributed to one of these two volcanoes, and in order to clear up the question it is essential to recall, although summarily, the data that exist regarding those volcanoes.

In respect of Orosí, Doctor Sapper says that the upper slopes of this volcano are covered with a vegetation so dense that the ascent is rendered almost impossible, and that, on the other hand, no idea can be obtained as to its structure, for the same reason. Nevertheless, Doctor Sapper was able to recognize that Orosí represents the remains of a volcano very greatly worn away, with an immense crater, broken down toward the west southwest. The volcano seems to have been extinct for a long time.

On the other hand, Rincón de la Vieja—which unfortunately is also unknown, as we possess only a few notes of Doctor K. von Seebach's—gives signs of being in activity, and reference has been made very often to its eruptions.

On account of the data set forth, I am inclined to believe that the tall, black columns that were seen from the Poás were eruptions from Rincón de la Vieja.

Of my trip I shall say that, although I did not find any new volcano, I had occasion to become acquainted with a very interesting region of the country, to which I hope to return some day under better conditions for the minute study of it.

To the señores don José Manuel Peralta and don Salustio Camacho, I renew my expressions of gratitude for the attentions they lavished upon me.

AN ARGENTINE ARTIST[1]

FRANCISCO BERNAREGGI AND HIS WORK

BY

R. RAMIS TOGORES

A vivid account of how youth, genius and relentless effort were harmonized in an Argentine artist that dreamed and sketched and painted and waited amid the picturesque scenery of Mallorca until he was ready to astonish the Spanish world with a dozen paintings that won the highest commendation of the masters.—*The Editor.*

SOME lusters ago there came to Mallorca a dark young man with great eyes open to the vivid light of the luminous ambient of Mallorca: his name was Francisco Bernareggi.

A native of the American lands, his spirit was possessed of an intense love for painting. After passing through Paris, where he opened his soul to the impressionistic technic, he came to the gilded island attracted by the splendid spectacle of Mallorcan beauty.

His refined spirit of an artist, finding itself in the presence of the landscape of Mallorca, conceived an idea and a plan that might have been and were qualified as daring: he sought to find a new form of expression, a pictorial language not yet used, that would portray whatever there was of sublimity and classic severity in the landscape, in the environment, in the light, of Mallorca.

Bernareggi, without being dismayed by the difficulty of the plan, but all the more stirred by a desire to succeed, set up his artist's tent in the valley, flowery and fragrant with orange blossoms, of Sóller: in the picturesque Biniaraix.

Thence, carrying as his traveling companions canvases, brushes and colors, he set out to the stupendous fiords of La Calora, to the Torrent de Pareys, to places where nature displays herself in all her magnificence, forcing himself to pay for this spectacle with the solitude of those spots and their remoteness from centers of population.

Bernareggi, there, alone, without other stimulus than the desire to win in the contest, began his pictorial labors, face to face with the reality of the light, the sea and the mountains of Mallorca, struggling to relieve himself of academic prejudices and to find a personal medium of expression.

A year passed and another year; five, ten, twelve years, passed, and Bernareggi continued to remain in his place of battle, without the public's having other than vague news of his artistic labor. Only a few men (the great Argentine painter Quirós, Santiago Rusiñol, Gabriel Alomar) were permitted to behold the progress that Bernareggi was making; for others, his work remained in mystery.

Bernareggi, with the tenacity of the struggler that longs to achieve a definite end, refused to exhibit a single production of his until he had attained his object, and he delayed in doing so because he was never satisfied with his work.

Among the crags of the wild coasts of Mallorca and in his little house of Biniaraix, Bernareggi strove, and not only with nature but also with colors, to draw from his palette and present in his productions tonalities not yet seen.

This labor, so easily described thus, for which was required an iron will at the service of a lofty ideal, has continued for years and years, and it has been accomplished far away from men, and in the heart of nature.

This has gone on until the present, when, the work of maturity having arrived, Bernareggi has brought his pictures to

[1]This article was first published in *El Sol* of Madrid, May 14, 1920; our translation is based upon the text as it was reproduced in *Nosotros* of Buenos Aires.—THE EDITOR.

Palma,[2] and he has exhibited his paintings in the salon of La Vida.

The impression produced by the pictures of the Argentine painter has been such that I should succeed in explaining it with difficulty. The luminosity, the vibration of light in the pictures, the boldness of the rocks, the tones of the water, produced upon the spirits of the Mallorcans an impression that was soon translated into a chorus of fervid praise of the artist and his work.

From the humble decorative painter that has gone to see the exhibition, to acknowledged artists, all have agreed in recognizing a fact: that Bernareggi's first exhibition was the definitive consecration of his name.

Of his artistic success I shall not speak, giving way rather to two eminent masters of Spanish contemporary art: Hermen Anglada Camarasa and Santiago Rusiñol.

Anglada Camarasa, who was in Mallorca, visited the exhibition one afternoon, and they relate—those who were there—that he was constrained to say to Bernareggi, with sincere and lively emotion, that those landscapes were the best of their kind that he had ever seen, and he imparted so much warmth to his words that his intimate opinion went forth, soon to be taken up by the press, to his satisfaction. What more could be desired by one that, like Bernareggi, was showing for the first time that valuable endorsement?

Read now what was said by Santiago Rusiñol, the poet-painter, in a Catalonian review:

> Bernareggi is a simply extraordinary landscapist that has had the great quality of presenting himself to the public with a completely matured artistic fruit. A youth with talent and application that passes fifteen uninterrupted years of solitary, intensive life, saturating himself with all the secrets of a prodigal nature, and painting, always painting, to arrive at the selection of twelve pictures, must of necessity cause the sensation of definitive works.
>
> The American Bernareggi, to-day more Mallorcan than American, has been able to rise so far above himself, has so satisfied the hopes and the good auguries of those who are acquainted with his insistent, mute, method of labor for the gradual and solid formation of his temperament of a privileged artist, that he has been able at last, by means of only a dozen paintings, to set a whole people marveling.

What more is to be said, in respect of artistic success, after these expressions, so authoritative that they now leave Bernareggi's name enveloped in the aureola of definitive consecration?

As to material success: it only remains to say that Bernareggi has sold all the pictures of his exhibition, except one, and this one because he has had a very personal interest in retaining it.

Let it not be thought that the secret of the sale is perhaps in the small money value of the paintings. Here in Mallorca, which is not, certainly, a market, it would be strange to find any one who would pay five thousand *pesetas*[3] for a contemporary signature. Well then: Bernareggi, in his first exhibition, has sold his pictures at fourteen, twenty and thirty thousand *pesetas*. Are not these figures more than sufficient as a document to speak with justice of the definitive triumph of Francisco Bernareggi?

Mallorca has joined in the song of praise to Bernareggi, and the *ayuntamiento* of Palma delegated a representative to take part in a banquet in honor of the triumphant artist.

Argentine art, with the name of Bernareggi, adds a valuable element to its artistic history. As triumphal echoes do not always travel from the center to the periphery, behold, the reason why from this Mediterranean island I should speak to the readers of *El Sol* of the absolute victory, the definitive consecration, that a painter has achieved in his first exhibition by his art and his will.

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[2] The capital of Mallorca, the largest of the Balearic islands.—THE EDITOR.

[3] The Spanish *peseta* is normally equivalent to a franc; at present it is, naturally, much higher than the franc, being worth about fifteen cents.—THE EDITOR.

BAJA CALIFORNIA[1]

ITS HISTORY AND ITS WEALTH

It is a commonplace that often we are ignorant regarding what lies at our doors, while somewhat informed regarding what is remote from us. The long, narrow ribbon of land that depends from the mouth of the vast cornucopia that constitutes México, known as Baja California, is, to most of us, a region of legend and mystery. A recent brief revolutionary outbreak there brought it prominently before the world. Apart from this passing event, however, the peninsula merits study, both because of its strategic importance, due to its location with reference to México and the United States, and because of its maritime character as an enormous shield to the western coast of México. The author therefore renders a distinct service by minutely describing its geographical features, its topography, its products and its history.—*The Editor.*

SINCE the conflict that sprang from the rebellious attitude of Colonel Esteban Cantú, as governor of the northern district of Baja California, is a topic of the day, it seems opportune to publish some data regarding that remote peninsula that will much enlighten the reader as events develop.

Baja California, the most extensive of the territories of México, is situated in the northwest of the republic, between 22°, 35′, and 32° 42′ north latitude, and between 10° and 18° west longitude, counted from the meridian of México. It is bounded on the north by the United States; on the east, for a short distance, by the state of Sonora, from which it is separated by the river Colorado; and it is surrounded along all the rest of its great extent by the gulf of California and the Pacific ocean. Its area is 150,109 square kilometers and its population, 42,243 inhabitants. It is divided politically into two districts that include eight municipalities: the northern district, whose capital is Puerto de la Ensenada de Todos Santos; and the southern district, of which Puerto de la Paz is the capital. The principal towns of the territory are: La Paz, with 5,184 inhabitants; La Ensenada, with 3,800; and Mulegé, with 1,041.

The peninsula of Baja California projects from the northwest toward the southeast, its greatest length being approximately 1,500 kilometers; and its mean breadth, about 140 kilometers. A cordillera of mountains, cut frequently by vast gorges, traverses its territory from one extreme to the other, nearer the eastern than the western coast, which renders the slopes that face the gulf more precipitous than those on the Pacific side. Viewed from the Pacific ocean or from the gulf that bears its name, and which is also called Mar Bermejo or Mar de Cortés, the peninsula presents the appearance simply of a prolonged cordillera of slight elevation, flanked by the two seas; and it may be observed without difficulty that the northern part is of greater altitude than that of the south, that it is all broken and that it is lacking in fertility.

This chain of mountains, which terminates at San Lucas and which is a true prolongation of the Sierra Nevada that soars aloft in the western part of the United States, gives rise to a few plains, the chief of them being situated on the western side of the cordillera and also near the northern and southern extremities of the peninsula.

Deposits of volcanic rock occupy a considerable extent of this cordillera, and they give to the country in general a marked aspect of aridity and desolation, particularly in the region of the volcano of Las Vírgenes, which is situated at 27°, north latitude, and in the Sierra de los Cucupás.

The greatest elevation of the granitic uplift is the Cerro del Gigante, which rises near Loreto to 1300 meters above the level of the sea.

In the interior, the territory presents a

[1]Lower California: we follow our custom of attempting to give to localities the names they bear among the peoples to whom they belong, as an initial, although, as some may hold, a slight, evidence of respect and good faith.—THE EDITOR.

less disagreeable aspect, as the tablelands mentioned above are quite beautiful and fertile, although they lack the rich and exuberant vegetation with which nature so prodigally favored the neighboring states of Sonora and Sinaloa.

The coasts of Baja California have a length of some 2,300 kilometers along the two seas. They are characterized by numerous accidents or details, the chief of which are the following:

Beginning with the dividing line that marks the frontier with the United States, on the outer coast or that of the Pacific, we find: the isle of Coronado, near the frontier town of Tijuana; the point and bay of Descanso; the point of Salsipuedes; the bay and isle of Todos Santos and points Banda, Santo Tomás and San José; cape Colmet, the island of San Martín, the cape and bay of San Quintín and point Baja; the bay of Rosario and the islands of San Jerónimo and Sacramento; points Canoas and Blanca and Bahía Blanca; in front of the latter, at a considerable distance and crossed by parallel 29, north latitude, the island of Guadalupe, where there is a custom-house, and the small islands of El Zapato and El Toro, very near it; Bahía Falsa and the bay of Playa María, point Rochy and the point and bay of Santa Rosalía; the extensive bay of san Sebastián Vizcaíno, point Malarrimo and the islands of Cedros, San Benito and Navidad; the point of Santa Eugenia, the bay of San Bartolomé, the point and bay of San Pablo and the bays of San Roque and La Asunción; the point and bay of San Hopólito, point Abrojos and the bay of Las Ballenas; the point of Santo Domingo, Bahía Pequeña, the point of San Juanico and the isles of Animas, Santo Domingo and La Soledad; the cape of San Lázaro, the bays of Santa María, Magdalena and Almejas, and the islands of Santa Margarita and Creciente; the points of Marqués, Lobos, Gasparino, Tinaja and San Cristóbal; Cabo Falso, Cape San Lucas and the port of San José del Cabo.

Continuing thence toward the north along the gulf, we encounter: the cape of Palmas, Punta Gorda, capes Porfía and Pulmo, point Arenas, the bay of Las Palmas, the point of Pescadores and the bay of Los Muertos; the point and bay of Ventana, the island of Cerralvo and the excellent bay and port of La Paz; the island of Espíritu Santo, Isla Partida, the point of Coyote and the islands of San Francisco, San José, San Diego and Santa Cruz; the point of San Marcial and the islands of Santa Catalina, Monserrate, Danzante and El Carmen; the point of Tierra Firme and the island of Coronados; the points of Mangles and Mercenarios and the point and bay of San Basilio; the point of El Púlpito, the bay of San Nicolás, the isle of San Ildefonso and points Santa Teresa, Colorado and Concepción; points Aguja and Prieta and the bay and point of Santa Inés; point Chivato, the island of San Marcos, point Santa Agueda, the island of Tortuga and the port of Santa Rosalía; the cape of Las Vírgenes, the bay of Santa Ana, the point of La Trinidad, the bay and point of San Carlos, the bay of San Juan and the cape of San Miguel; the bay of Santa Teresa and the points of San Gabriel and San Francisquito; the bay of San Rafael and the islands of San Lorenzo, San Esteban, Salsipuedes, Raza and Partida; the point and bay of Las Ánimas, the bay of Los Ángeles, the islands Smith and Ángel de la Guardia and the channel of Las Ballenas; Bluff Point and Punta Final, the bay of San Luis Gonzaga and the island of San Luis; the point of San Fermín and Diggs Point, the bay and point of San Felipe and the island of Montague, the latter being situated at the mouth of the river Colorado.

Among the islands mentioned, the dimensions of the following are: Cedros, 343 square kilometers; Guadalupe, 208; Santa Margarita, 171; Creciente, 32; Ángel de la Guardia, 636; San José, 190; Cerralvo, 113; Espíritu Santo, 96; Montague, 47; San Esteban, 41; Santa Catalina, 66; San Marcos, 24; Monserrate, 18; San Lorenzo, 49; and Partida, one. The island of El Tibarón, situated near the coast of the state of Sonora, is the largest of all the islands of the gulf: it has an area of 963 square kilometers.

Of the ports of Baja California, La Paz, Ensenada de Todos Santos and Santa Rosalía are ports of call; and those of the island of Guadalupe, Magdalena, the

island of El Carmen and Mulegé are ports of cabotage.

Regarding the gulf of California, the name by which this long, narrow arm of the Pacific ocean that separates the peninsula of Baja California from the states of Sonora and Sinaloa is more generally known at present, the eminent historian don Manuel Orozco y Berra wrote the following:

The entrance to the gulf of California is defined geographically by cape Corrientes in the *departamento* of Jalisco, which forms a part of the ancient province of Nueva Galicia, and the cape of San Lucas, at the southern extremity of Baja California. The first navigators called the gulf "Mar Rojo" or "Mar Bermejo" (Red sea), because of the color of its waters and of their likeness to the Red sea in Arabia; the learned Jesuit missionaries, who traversed it throughout its entire length, called it "Seno" or "Mar Lauretano," in honor of the most holy Virgin,[2] patroness and protectress of the apostolic enterprises of the society. It is also known by the name of "Mar de Cortés."

The gulf measures almost 300 leagues in length; its greatest breadth is 60 leagues[3] at the entrance; but, throughout its entire length, the distance of one shore from the other varies only from 25 to 40 leagues; from parallel 33 inward the width diminishes rapidly to the river Colorado, which separates old California from the north of Sonora. The configuration of the Adriatic sea gives a sufficiently clear idea of the Mar de Cortés.

There has frequently been observed there an extraordinary phenomenon, not explained by science, and few examples of which are related: that of the fall of rain while the atmosphere is very clear and the sky entirely serene. The learned Humboldt and Captain Beechey pointed out this same fact, which was witnessed by the former on land and by the latter on the ocean.

Tidal influence is felt throughout the gulf; its height changes according to the direction of the winds and the configuration of the coasts; so that, in the open road of Mazatlán, it rises as high as seven feet, while at Guaimas, the port of which is studded with islands and sheltered from the winds, it does not exceed five and a half feet.

As to why the gulf was called Mar Bermejo, only two reasons are to be found: because of the color communicated to the water during the rainy season by the rivers that empty into it, above all, the Colorado, which flows through ferruginous lands; or, rather, because of the magnificent purple color taken on by the waves as they rise and expose themselves to the sun. During the day the waters are blue or green, according as the clouds intercept or modify the solar rays, taken in connection with the nature of the bottom and the depth of the liquid. It might also be supposed that the coloration of the water is caused by the shoals formed on the surface by millions of small red crustaceans armed with tentacles.

Apart from a great number of fishes of very varied species, there are to be found along the gulf many enormous sharks, which frequently devour the divers that are seeking pearls. There are many whales, but hitherto no whaling vessel has hunted them, and the inhabitants of the coast are ignorant of the productiveness of this kind of fisheries.

The two coasts that run parallel toward the northeast are very low, with salt marshes frequented by alligators, reptiles and insects. The soil is completely lacking in water and vegetation: there are to be found only mangroves, some spinous shrubs, such as *nopales*[4] *magueyes*[5] and certain kinds of acacias. It is very unusual to encounter orange-trees or palms, along the shores, and in order to discover vegetable molds, it is necessary to penetrate many leagues into the interior. The shores are composed of sand and calcareous earth, ill designed for cultivation. The coast of Baja California presents an uninterrupted series of jagged peaks of volcanic origin, bare of all vegetation. The chain of mountains that comes down from the north extends southward throughout the entire length of the peninsula, and it becomes gradually depressed as it reaches the gulf of San Lucas.

This gulf is not only very rich, because of the abundance and variety of the exquisite fish it contains, but because of the inexhaustible beds of very fine pearls and shells, the gathering of which and of the *carey*[6] constitutes one of the principal industries of the inhabitants of the southern coast of the territory.

[2]The Virgin of Loreto: whence the adjective *lauretano*—THE EDITOR.

[3]The Mexican league, following the Spanish, is 2.7 miles.—THE EDITOR.

[4]Prickly pears.—THE EDITOR.

[5]The "century plant," *Agave Americana*, so common in México, and species of which produce *pulque* and *mezcal* (*tequila*, named from the city of Tequila, in Jalisco, famous for the quality of *mezcal* produced).—THE EDITOR.

[6]A species of tortoise that attains the length of a meter, greatly sought on account of its "shell," which is an important article of commerce.—THE EDITOR.

The richest pearl-fisheries are to be found in the bay of La Paz and near Loreto, off the southern point of the island of El Carmen, at Puerto Escondido and San Bruno, and off the islands of Danzantes, Coronados and San Marcos; but the most highly prized pearls are those that are taken from the fisheries of the Ensenada de Loreto and off the islands of San José and Espíritu Santo, on account of their very rich iridescence.

Pearl-fishing begins in May, and it ends in October. The divers descend to the depth of ten or twelve fathoms, and, as they must use great exertion in tearing away the shells, many of them come up with bleeding hands and feet. Every season several divers are devoured by sharks.

The pearl-divers are, in the main, Yaqui Indians from the neighborhood of Guaimas. It is said that they can stay down from a hundred to a hundred and twenty seconds. When they go down, they take with them a heavy stone to enable them to reach the bottom more quickly and to stay down. They also carry a bag in which they put the shells that they tear by hand from the rocks. They dive with freedom and ease, and during recent years they have taken to the use of suits and apparatus of the latest makes.

Owing to the slight breadth of the slopes, the scant rainfall and the heat of its climate, Baja California, speaking strictly, possesses no river. With the exception of the river Colorado, which bathes a very short extent of territory in the northwest, and certain rivulets, such as the so-called Río Nuevo, the Todos Santos, La Purísima, the Mulegé, the San José and the Miraflores, its soil is wanting in streams of water to furrow and fertilize it.

We have said that the climate is dry and hot; it only remains to say that it is healthful, throughout the territory.

Although it is generally held that the rainy season lasts from May until November, the amount of rain that falls upon the peninsula is very slight, as we have already pointed out.

We may not doubt that mining, at no remote period, was the great source of Baja California's wealth, since it is well known that there are immense deposits of precious metals in its soil. South of the port of La Paz and on the western slope of the cordillera, lies the metalliferous zone that is most highly developed and exploited. It was worked by the Jesuits from 1700.

The following are the chief mining districts: San Antonio, El Tule, Santa Ana, Mulegé, El Triunfo, Las Vírgenes, El Valle Perdido, Las Flores and Cacachilas.

There are, likewise, metal-bearing ores in some of the islands that belong to Baja California. A beginning at working them was made in the islands of San José and Cerralvo—still very slightly known—by a company formed in 1857.

El Valle, El Palmar, Los Chirros, Aguacaliente and La Trinchera are localities rich in metals, but they have been superficially investigated.

Before leaving the subject of which we are treating, it is proper to add that the first official documents relative to the existence of veins and placers of gold in Baja California date from the year 1780, and that they are to be found in the archives of San Antonio. According to these documents, there was discovered that year, in the Real de Santa Cruz, immediately south of San Antonio, five mines of scanty ore, intermittently worked by their owners, for lack of funds. They took out three loads a week, which they benefited, each load yielding a full fourth of pure silver.

By the month of September of the same year, in consequence of a storm, a freshet of the rivulet of El Tule laid bare the very rich placers of this locality, and the neighbors of Santa Cruz hastened to take advantage of them until they were exhausted by the water.

The auriferous sands of this valley lie beneath the sediment and the vegetable mold, at a slight depth, and scattered throughout it. There may be found many excavations that contain them, but the water hinders the extraction of them.

Art and science have not yet reached there; they do not yet lend their mechanical assistance to draining, a thing that could be very easily accomplished.

The larger number of the brooks that

flow through that region bring down gold-bearing sands.

We may be sure that the immense treasures of those lands only await the two great vital elements of all progress: capital and population.

The vegetable products are not up to the level of the mineral products. The scarcity of rainfall and the absence of rivers result in a general sterility of the soil and consequently in a very limited agriculture. Nevertheless, there are products indigenous to the peninsula that produce large returns: for example, the tinctorial lichen, that bears the name of *orchilla*, which abounds in the extensive belt of the west coast. Strangely enough, this useful plant is not found on the east shores, although it is, however, to a slight extent, in Sonora and Sinaloa.

In the central part of the peninsula, henequén is grown, and hemp, in the northern part, in the bottom-lands of the river Colorado.

The moist spots yield sugar-cane, which is of a very good quality, and certain tropical plants: excellent grapes, figs, dates, pomegranates, Guinea bananas, oranges, lemons, *toronjas*,[7] canteloupes, water-melons, olives, *calabaẓas*,[8] et cetera.

Besides, agriculture produces maize, beans, chile,[9] potatoes, sweet-potatoes, certain vegetables and a very little wheat. For the growing of these products, the people depend upon rainfall and irrigation, the latter being supplied by the streams or by wells dug for the purpose.

Pasturage is not plentiful and it is very dry and only slightly nourishing. Woods for structural purposes and cabinet-making are few and poorly developed.

Among the sparse odoriferous and medicinal plants to be found there, may be mentioned: thyme, laurel, sweet marjoram, salvia, rue, wormwood, balm-gentle (*Melissa officinales*), peppermint, common cress and some others.

As to animals, in addition to the domestic ones, mention should be made of the hare, the rabbit, the deer and the *taye*. The last of these is a wild animal that breeds in the forests; it is of the size of a two-year old calf; the head and hair are like those of the deer; the horns are stout and similar to those of the sheep; the hoofs—large, round and cloven—resemble those of the ox; the tail is small; and the meat is delectable.

In the seas of the territory of Baja California, as I have already said, there abounds an infinite variety of fishes, from the gigantic whale to the diminutive sardine: the swordfish, the devil-fish, the deadly shark, the tunny, the *mantaraya*.[10] There are exquisite table fish of all kinds, and the crab, the *jaiba*,[11] the shrimp, oysters and clams, the *carey* tortoise, the sponge, ambergris[12] and very beautiful coral. On the west coast abound the sperm-whale and the otter. On the gulf, fishing for pearls and for mother-of-pearl is engaged in from Mulegé to cape Porfía; and seals and sea-wolves are plentiful in the waters of the islands of Tiburón, Ángel de la Guardia and San Lorenzo.

There abound also marine birds of all kinds along the coasts and on the islands, especially the rose-colored crane, whose plumage is much esteemed in the United States.

History has not been able to learn anything certain about the origin of the first Californians, nor is there agreement as to the year in which was ordered the first expedition for the discovery of the new lands whose shores were bathed by the South sea, as the discoverers of México called the Pacific ocean; but we do know that two caravels set out from Zacatula for that purpose in September, 1524. They were

[7]The *toronja* is an undeveloped grape-fruit or shaddock.—The Editor.

[8]Pumpkins, squashes or gourds. Such vegetables, as well as cucumbers and tomatoes, are commonly classed with the fruits in México.—The Editor.

[9]Corresponding to the Spanish word *ají* and derived from the Aztec *chilli*, red pepper. Many varieties of it are grown in México, and it is used so profusely and widely that it constitutes a staple article of commerce.—The Editor.

[10]Or *manta raya:* an enormous ray, either *Manta birostris* or *Ceretoptera vampyrus*. How the author differentiates this fish from what he calls *peẓ diablo* (devil-fish) is not clear.—The Editor.

[11]A species of crab.—The Editor.

[12]Compare with the French *ambre gris* and the Spanish *ámbar gris*, gray amber.—The Editor.

probably lost, for nothing was ever heard of them afterward.

It can be established also that Cortés sailed from Tehuantepec in 1526 to explore the South sea, and that in that year he touched upon Baja California, when it is supposed he pronounced the words "*callida fornax*" (hot oven), due to the heat and aridity of the ground on which he stood; and from these words came the name of the peninsula.[13]

We have not space here, however in which to discuss the expeditions that were made after the first two already indicated, northward bound along the coasts of the republic.

We continue our brief outline.

In 1540, by order of the viceroy, don Antonio de Mendoza,[14] another expedition set out—which was the seventh—commanded by Francisco de Alarcón, and piloted by Domingo del Castillo, who made an outline map of the peninsula in 1541. Alarcón did not succeed in the conquest for which he was sent; and in 1542, he was replaced by Juan Rodríguez del Castillo, who touched at the ports of Magdalena and La Paz, exploring several capes and islands, with no other result than the discoveries mentioned.

In 1596, set out for the Californias and touched at Sonora Captain Sebastián Vizcaíno, who was the one that went farthest into the interior of the peninsula, but he returned without taking possession of the territory, for which he had authority. He made a second voyage in 1602, but he did not at that time accomplish the subjugation of the country.

Other navigators undertook several voyages with the same object during the next thirty-four years, but without accomplishing appreciable results.

In March, 1636, sailing along the gulf, Esteban Carbonelli cast anchor in the harbor of Mulegé, and he discovered the first placer or bed of pearl-oysters. He gathered some pearls and sent them to México. The same year, the regular clergy of the Society of Jesus took possession of the peninsula. They retained it until their proscription by a royal edict of Carlos III, communicated to the viceroy, don Carlos Francisco de Croix.

Neither the conquest nor the domination of Baja California presented anything notable or worthy to relate. Since the war of independence, the peninsula, inasmuch as it formed an integral part of the republic, has followed her fate.

At present, as one of the territories of the federation, it is governed by the same laws as those that obtain in the federal district. Its constitution is the general constitution of the nation; its legislature is the congress of the nation; and its authorities are such as are appointed by the chief executive.

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[13]Without entering into a discussion of the origin of the name "California," it is interesting to note that all the authorities concede that the name was first applied to Baja California. *The Century Cyclopedia of Names*, under the article "California," says: "applied first to what is now called Lower California. Origin uncertain: said to be from California, a feigned island abounding in gold and precious stones, described in a Spanish romance, 'Las Sergus de Esplandian,'" published in 1510.—THE EDITOR.

[14]It is a pleasure to allude to the first viceroy of Nueva España (now the republic of México). He was a Spanish nobleman, born in Granada, at the close of the fifteenth century, and he died in Lima, Perú, in 1552. He was appointed viceroy of Nueva España in 1535, and he governed there for fifteen years. He was one of the most intelligent, upright and useful of the colonial rulers in America. In coöperation with his distinguished, energetic and devoted ecclesiastical colleague, the first bishop, Friar don Juan de Zumárraga, he had set up the first printing-press of the New World (in 1537–1538), and he founded several colleges for the education of the sons of Spaniards (creoles) and the Indians, fostered mining, began the coinage of money and dictated numerous administrative laws. He was promoted to the viceroyalty of Perú in 1550, the year before the founding of the oldest of the American universities—the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos in Lima.—THE EDITOR.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

BY

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

The prolific author of this disquisition has written upon almost every general subject that interests thoughtful and vigorous people. It was hardly to be expected that he could restrain his pen in the presence of the novel and startling political and social tendencies and conditions current in the world during recent years. His thesis possesses the quality of frankness, and it is interesting as an expression of the views of a distinguished man of letters, even if it be not conclusive, and even if it may suggest a query as to whether it represents his profoundest and most abiding convictions.—*The Editor.*

THE best writers on politics have not been the politicians, but the philosophers. So was it from Aristotle to Machiavelli and Spencer. I am not a philosopher, but I am not a politician, either, so that, because of this double negative, my opinion may be of interest. It represents, in truth, that of the sovereign people, who certainly are neither politicians nor philosophers, although democratic institutions, predominant in the world to-day, confer and even impose upon them that double character in placing in their hands the very difficult task of electing. The examination of this first principle or point of departure in all modern politics will lead us to establish the necessary antecedents of this question.

To elect men to be intrusted with the direction of a people is something more difficult than is generally recognized. Considered in the abstract, the simple operation of electing demands the coöperation of all the mental and moral faculties, because it is the supreme direction of the consciousness that is decided. However, the consciousness of the truly upright man will never be decided in the presence of an analytical problem, since it is in itself the operation mentioned. The insufficiency that begins with a recognition of itself ("I know only that I know nothing," Socrates would have said, thus synthesizing his philosophical probity) causes me constantly to doubt its information. Its judgment is always provisional. To find the sufficient reason that imparts direction to conduct, the procedure is different and, so to speak, of a mathematical character. It consists in reasoning by principle or postulate until it discovers that it is just or iniquitous, and then it decides for or against it. The idea of justice, which is at the same time a sentiment and therefore the only stable principle of consciousness, has the same formula for all: "Do unto others what you would have them do unto you." Its reciprocal expression, which is of much importance, is: "Others *ought* to do unto you as they would have you do unto them." The object of this process of reasoning possesses therefore an evident utility, since it is both comprehensible and practical. If the postulate that I am examining is in accord with the norm of justice that I feel and understand, I adopt it for the direction of my conduct. This is the very principle of liberty.

In the analytical process of electing, however, I begin by not being acquainted with the subject of my choice. It is therefore an analytical process. I must form an estimate of that object with *sufficient reason* to enable me to reach a decision. It will be impossible for me to do so, however. It has to do, in truth, with a man whose very desire to acquire my vote induces him to exhibit to me his good qualities magnified, and to conceal from me his bad qualities: a very simple thing, not only in view of the psychological complication that renders one's study of himself so difficult, but also because the whole of the civilized man's education tends to the same object. Hence there is nothing so sublime as the intentions and words of candidates, at the same time that there

is nothing so frequent as the mistakes of the people. The latter are, besides, in the inmense majority of cases, socially far removed from the individuals they have to elect. Ordinarily they know nothing of them but their portraits and their eventual presence in this or that public act: that is, two representations of them subjected to the identical artificial process of perfecting. Estimates of their conduct as public men are contradictory, incoherent and vague, inasmuch as they proceed from newspapers, entities that are worthless because of their specific fugacity. What is in itself ephemeral can ill represent the truth, whose nature consists in being permanent.

The people could, however, elect individuals from their midst, immediate acquaintances of theirs, similar to themselves. In theory and in sporadic cases, yes: in common practice, no.

Let us see, indeed, what the object of government is.

According to the monarchical or European idea—because the republics of Europe proceed according to the same conception—it is defined by Aristotle's maxim: "The good prince differs in no wise from the good father." This is the very negation of democratic rights. The idea that the son elects his parents is absurd on the face of it. Well then: we all know in what consists this paternity. Fathers—by right of majority, as the religious precept formulates it in the name of God, the father and master par excellence: "greater in age, dignity and government"—occupy the place of preference, while imposing upon their children the conduct most in accord with their condition; and hence the double correlative duty, which for the former consists in commanding and for the latter in obeying. This is the very perfection of the idea of government that religions and monarchies set up as a dogma: the dogma of obedience or the principle of authority. In such a system, order, which is the specific task of every government is equivalent to the permanence of the hierarchical privileges. Therefore the government, like "the good father," accomplishes its important mission, which consists in ministering to the happiness of subjects.

The peoples, being disillusioned by age-long, mournful experience with this mission—as chimerical as the promises of the congener gods—the democratic or American idea simplified in a rational direction the doctrine of obedience, suppressing happiness in order to give exclusive attention to order. According to it, the object of government is to guarantee the preservation of a state of order, that each one may achieve in it his own well-being, in proportion to his ability and desire. The maintenance of order is a function required by the division of labor, and it is no longer a privilege of caste by divine right; for, since not all citizens can discharge this function—being overoccupied, as they are, in looking out for their own welfare—they commission certain individuals to do it for them.

The system is perfect in appearance; but, considering it well, we observe that—with the exception of the political hierarchy, that is, the least prejudicial of the old regimen, as is demonstrated by its quasi-inoffensive survival in the constitutional monarchies—the privileges that inhere in the concentration of power in a few hands subsist with the guaranty of democracy. The first of all these privileges, the one that comprehends and determines them all, namely, that of ownership and inheritance, is even more powerful; for the monarch, "the lord of lives and goods," could suppress it, while the republic declares it absolutely inviolable. It can sentence to death, but not confiscate. Life is, nevertheless, the first of possessions; but property is the first of privileges; and, as the object of government is to preserve the privileges of the minority that lives at the cost of the servile majority, that difference is as natural as it is significant.

On the other hand, the mission of preserving order involves something still more serious. The government can apply force to its own constituents and prejudice or kill them by means of it, although they themselves uphold it and are, at the same time, theoretically sovereign; for the more the government be reduced to a minority, the more severely does it apply the force with which its victims intrust it. This, however, is an abuse, it will be said. With-

out being guilty of it, but rather by covering it, on the contrary, with respect and glory, the government can cause to be killed thousands of citizens in a war, regarding the preparations for which, its development and results the sovereign people are ignorant, because reasons of state are higher than their sovereignty. Thus is demonstrated the fallacy of this last principle; for it happens that sovereignty ceases to serve exactly when it would be most useful to the sovereign. This consequence shows with perfect clearness that government and people are two distinct and contrary entities.

It is not certain, either, that the people are acquainted with these hidden causes by means of and in the persons of their representatives. Parliaments are always ignorant of those secret treaties that are precisely the most dangerous. Thus, the Franco-Spanish treaty regarding Morocco was kept secret for ten years. Knowledge of treaties is usually possessed only by sovereigns, certain ministers, and a few bankers who speculate thereby on account of those that are in the secret.

The democratic government proceeds, it is true, only in pursuance of the law; but this is a rule of conduct imposed by means of force, not by virtue of the process that reasons upon the postulate in order to decide in its favor or against it, according as it is seen to be just or iniquitous. If in the latter consists, as I believe, the very principle of liberty, this principle and the law, which is the expression of order, seem to me also to be incompatible. . .

Nevertheless, the law is, according to the concept of democracy, the will of the majority. The reader is not ignorant that, speaking positively, this phenomenon is rarely accomplished; but, although it were so, if the law turns out to be incompatible with my conscience and my reason, is the act of imposing it upon me by force less despotic because it is done by the majority, instead of by the monarch? The same principle was appealed to at another time to justify the tortures of the inquisition. The worship imposed by force was the religion of the majority; and for the happiness of souls religion is surely more necessary than the law. . . .

If for me justice consists in treating others as I should wish them to treat me, others ought to treat me as they wish me to treat them. Would they then wish that I, merely because I am more powerful, should by force impose upon them rules of conduct repugnant to them? For that imposition of the majority rests upon force alone. It effects it because it is stronger than I, not because it is more right. History demonstrates that right is almost always in the minority, generally incarnate in a single and unsupported person; so that when the right of this single individual is opposed to the majority, the makers of the law, a just hope and frequently a positive good is claimed for all humanity: for instance, what was accomplished by Christopher Columbus on earth and by Galileo in the heavens. It will be said that they were right in the end, and this is indisputable in the cases with which we are acquainted. Shall we ever be able to know, however, of the thousands of men that, crushed by brute force, carried their beneficent inventions with them to the tomb?

Hence it is impossible to conceive of a government without an army. If the law were not a rule of conduct imposed by force, it would have the pedagogical importance of a philosophical principle. Being what it is, it amounts always to the formula of the doctrine of obedience: the contrary of liberty. Then the problem is simplified. Government is simply the army: brute force superimposing itself upon reason, liberty and justice.

This institution turns out to be then a residuum of barbarism. In no other wise, indeed, were things carried on in the primitive forest. Parliament, monarch or president, bishop, sorcerer and chief are all reduced substantially to the same denominator. The decoration changes, and the illusions of the civilized slave that is degraded with servile atavism by the habit of chains are substituted for the positivism of the savage, who at least accepted things of necessity. The case is identical at bottom and even in the form represented by the trapping of militarism. Government and sacerdotal worship are the only two entirely savage things that we still preserve. It is because both come from ignor-

ance, the mother of fear; and man is ignorant of so much that the environing mystery disappears with enormous slowness. Generally, when men finally agree that the government is bad, they still ask: But with what shall we replace it? This is the unconscious clamor of the slave, who does not even now fancy the blessing of health complete. He desires to cure himself, doubtless; but by substituting one disease for another.

Vain, in like manner, is the well known conservative objection: "it was ever thus." You have here a reason precisely why, according to the law of progress, it should cease to be thus. It was ever thus that men did not fly, and now they fly. It was ever thus that they burned each other from religious motives, and they do it no longer.

Well then: if government is an anachronistic institution, it also ought to be hateful to us in proportion to its divergence from the environment; and this is what is happening.

Of the three philosphers mentioned above, Aristotle, Machiavelli and Spencer (I do not cite Plato, because he did no more than theorize a chimera, nor Montesquieu, because he is comprehended in Aristotle), Machiavelli is the most interesting; for, while the others merely philosophized, as occurred in the case of Montesquieu, he at the same time had practice in government. According to his studies—which, because they are sincere and free of all prior justification in the presence of prosperity, sprang from a magnificent cynicism—government is an agent of evil. Its object is indeed the preservation of the privileges of few over the stupid and servile majority; and the books of the Italian philosopher constitute, properly speaking, a perfect treatise upon egoism. From then until the present time, politics has been based upon the same principles. So Spencer's conclusion is also that government is a "necessary evil." If we said "inevitable," in relation to ignorance, we should express it better.

In other respects, it would thus be more in accord with the modern or Darwinian politicians, for whom this triumph of the most egoistical is a natural consequence, like that of the wild beasts of the forest. The former being thus defined as "the fittest" in the sense of the famous *Struggle for Life* (I once wrote that between intelligent beings it is, rather, a "Struggle for Light"), Nietzsche converts his entity into a pattern of perfection; and the ultramodern superman of the stupendous mad German resuscitates enlarged the Caesarian prototype of Machiavelli.

Yet it all springs from a scientific fallacy. Who told those philosophers that in the famous "struggle" the wild beasts triumph inevitably?

It is sufficient to cross the halls of the museums of paleontology to observe in the petrified bogs that the wild beasts have been, on the contrary, death's favorites. The formidable monsters have disappeared or become reduced to inoffensive rodents, frail lizards or mild penguins. The evolution of life tends, on the contrary, to suppress the wild beasts, and this is explicable. The wild beast is a menace to all, and all unite to exterminate it; the great natural forces of whose transcendent determination we are ignorant, coöperating in this respect, as may be seen. The gigantic lion of the caverns, the immense tiger of the jungle, the terrific monsters of the ancient world, have disappeared or degenerated, while the same libellula that has been preserved for us since then by the fragment of transparent amber continues to dart back and forth above our pools, and the same pearl shell continues to inclose with the same vitality its bit of mucilage, fragile as the foam, in the ancient beauty of the mother-of-pearl. . . .

All this, however, would be vain philosophy for many (*anch'io . . . qualchevolta . . .*), if it were not accompanied by the corroboration of some significant fact. The Argentina of the last forty years constitutes precisely this fact: this is something with which I am truly acquainted.

I know not whether before that time people voted in the elections of my country. I infer that they voted little or ill, barring a few exceptions that certainly produced no appreciable result. What is indubitable is that from forty years ago down to the present, people have voted less and less,

until they have arrived at a total abstention during the last twenty-five years. Nobody voted; and, with the exception of certain insignificant minorities, nobody wished to vote, either. Politics was for the politicians. The rest of the country worked, progressed and grew rich. The country lost nothing thereby. I should not dare to say that she gained by it; but the truth is that she lost nothing, and this means a great deal, as it would have been difficult for any other to have progressed more in the same length of time. In the meanwhile, the government progressed on its part, which demonstrates that this does not come from elections more or less proper, but from general culture. That government was not worse than the government of those countries in which, as is affirmed, the people elect. Its defects were those common to every collectivity. The executives, ordinarily mediocre, were not bad. There were some excellent ones. Things went along therefore the same as if the people had elected. For when the people elect, the executives are also of the same class: good, bad, indifferent, and, by exception, excellent. Nor did the government do harm, except to those who, by undertaking to play a part in politics, got themselves disliked in the process. This damage was nothing serious. It consisted merely in not letting them go as far as they wished. It was not eternal, for the truth is that all ended by getting there; and as this is the object of politics, I think all ended also by being satisfied. . .

As to the other fact, that is, Argentine prosperity: it is universally evident; and, in spite of everything, it has demonstrated that it is not poltics that peoples need, but work and culture. These blessings are not provided by governments, the representatives of mild or fierce barbarism, but in every case inapt in supplying these ingredients. Peoples, and, above all, individuals, must seek and find them on their own account. Liberty will be an affair of a very personal character and a work of inner culture and even of the philosophy that is reserved to rid the philosopher of discomforts, as long as there exist authorities that impose rules of conduct by means of force. For liberty and authority are incompatible principles.

Political activity is a blessing, provided a people progress; but if a people can not progress except by means of politics, we ought to meditate with disquietude upon its fate. That people is ill of a malady that seldom has a cure. There is no harm whatever in politics becoming a profession, except that it is fatal, for never was politics anything else. To prevent this from happening, it would be necessary to bring angels from heaven; for it is not conceivable that the many men that are necessary to carry on politics would devote all their activity, during their whole life time, to ungrateful and unproductive work. Heroes are always scarce, and politicians more abundant than may be necessary.

My country has made, through long years, the experiment that, without the necessity of voting, there can be had moderate, honorable, enlightened governments—as good as any others, in a word. Positively, the evil is not in constructing the chains, but in their existence, with the consequent application.

Monarchy and republic are, in this respect, the same thing. Lamartine, who was a poet, and who, as a man of genius, perceived the truth of all that came within his reach, said that the republic needed as much government as the monarchy. If the interesting fact is the government, that is, the entity that imposes rules of conduct upon me by force, it is of little moment to me whether my masters be called kings or presidents; whether I elect them, instead of receiving them by inheritance. To choose my chains: the miserable paradox of liberty!

Nor is less so, finally, that which, according to democratic law, gives me the right to be master, by causing me to be elected for the purpose. For, apart from the fact that the affair requires vocation, and that the masters will always be the fewer, the fruitage of liberty does not consist in being a master, but in not having masters. The Romans called liberty *celibate* and the Greeks personified it in a virgin, serene and strong.

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